

THE
ENGLISH POEMS

COLLECTED FROM THE
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
VERSES

ON THE
DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK
PRINCE OF WALES.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR HAMILTON BRUCE, MDCCLI.





This Belongs to George

OXFORD VERSES.

*Coffee House
Temple Bar*



By the Right Honourable DAVID Lord Viscount
STORMONT, B. A. Student of Ch. Ch.

Written at PARIS.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd, my artless zeal
Should woo the British Muse in foreign land
To strains of bitter argument, and teach
The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding verge
And oozy current of Parisian Seine,
To syllable new sounds in accent strange.

But sad occasion calls : who now forbears
The last kind office ? who but consecrates
His off'ring at the shrine of fair Renown
To gracious FREDERICK rais'd ; tho' but compos'd
Of the waste flourets, whose neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge, or mountain slope ?

Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive scenes
That forgeful Fancy plan'd, what time the bark

Stem'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky bourn?
 Then filial Piety and parting Love
 Pour'd the fond pray'r; " Farewell, ye less'ning cliffs,
 " Fairer to me, than ought in fabled song
 " Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic!
 " Favour'd of heav'n, farewell! imperial isle,
 " Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd
 " In manly science, and advent'rous deed!
 " Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang'd
 " From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
 " Her steadfast station, fast beside the throne
 " Of scepter'd Rule, and there her state maintains
 " In social concord, and harmonious love.
 " These blessings still be thine, nor meddling fiend
 " Stir in your busy streets foul Faction's roar;
 " Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious
 " Visit your sons who ride the watry waste;
 " And still be heard from forth your gladsome bow'rs
 " Shrill tabor-pipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.
 " Nor vain the wish, while GEORGE the golden scale
 " With steady prudence holds, and temp'rate sway.
 " And when his course of earthly honour's run,
 " With lenient hand shall FREDERICK sooth your care,
 " Rich in each princely quality, mature
 " In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.
 " Thence too arise new hopes, a playful troop
 " Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed,
 " Which Faith, and Joy, and thousand Virtues guard.
 " His be the care t' inform their ductile minds
 " With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of honour.
 " How often shall he hear with fresh delight
 " Their earnest tales, or watch their rising passions
 " With

“ With timorous attention ; then shall tell
 “ Of justice, fortitude, and public weal,
 “ And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
 “ With winning tokens of parental love !

Thus my o’erweening heart the secret stores
 Of Britain’s hope explor’d, while my strain’d sight
 Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist
 They gently sunk behind the swelling tide.
 Nor slept those thoughts, whene’er in other climes
 I mark’d the cruel waste of foul oppression,
 Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,
 To vassalage and loathsome service bound.
 Then conscious preference rose ; then northward turn’d
 My eye, to gratulate my natal soil.
 How have I chid with froward eagerness
 Each veering blast, that from my hand withheld
 The well-known characters of some lov’d friend,
 Tho’ distant not unmindful ? Still I learn’d
 Delighted, what each patriot plan devis’d
 Of arts, or glory, or diffusive commerce.
 Nor wanted its endearment every tale
 Of lightest import. But oh ! heavy change,
 What notices come now ? Distracted scenes
 Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts ;
 How fair AUGUSTA watch’d the weary night
 Tending the bed of anguish ; how great GEORGE
 Wept with his infant progeny around ;
 How heav’d the orphan’s and the widow’s sigh,
 That follow’d FREDERICK to his silent tomb.

For well was FREDERICK lov’d, and well deserv’d :
 His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
 Attended ever the alluring grace

Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
 Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,
 Relating to his mates each casual act
 Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,
 Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,
 Tho' wont to carol many a ditty sweet.
 Soon too the mariner, who many moons
 Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,
 And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall stand
 Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal
 Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.

Be this our solace yet; all is not dead;
 The bright memorial lives: from his example
 Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise
 Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew.
 In age succeeding when another GEORGE,
 To ratify some weighty ordinance
 Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside
 Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults enclose,
 Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of scepter'd kings,
 Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice
 And long-remembered features shall return;
 Then shall his generous breast be new inflam'd
 To acts of highest worth and honest fame.

These plaintive strains, from ALBION far away,
 I lonely meditate at even-tide;
 Nor skill'd nor studious of the raptur'd lay,
 But still rememb'ring oft the magic sounds,
 Well-measur'd to the chime of Dorian lute
 Or past'ral stop, which erst I lov'd to hear
 On Isis' broider'd mead, where dips by fits
 The stooping osier in her hasty stream.

Hail

OXFORD VERSES.

Hail WOLSEY's spacious dome! hail, ever-fam'd
For faithful nurture and truth's sacred lore,
Much honour'd parent! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble song.

By the Honourable

FREDERICK NORTH, M. A. Eldest Son of the
Lord NORTH and GUILFORD, of Trin. Coll.

WHen, by the genial sun call'd forth to birth,
The tender corn first quits the yielding earth,
And, gently warm'd by summer's timely aid,
The strengthen'd stalk unsheaths the swelling blade;
How blithe, how mirthful does the hind appear,
His joy encreasing with the ripening ear.
But if, when Nature seems to bless his pains,
And pours the yellow harvest o'er the plains,
If the black clouds should then with storms distend;
The whirlwinds roar, the rattling hail descend;
Who can express the anguish of his mind,
When from afar he sees the wafting wind,
Beholds his golden hopes at once o'erthrown,
And the year's labour in a moment gone?

Far sweeter thoughts did BRITAIN's sons employ,
Greater their hopes, and more sincere their joy,
When in their Prince they saw with raptur'd eyes
The early seeds of goodness first a rise:
As years revolving did their course renew,
Virtue succeeding virtue daily grew,
Till fruit mature from the fair blossom came,
And early goodness ripen'd into fame.

Then

Then, BRITAIN, 'twas thy hope with joyful lays
 To sing thy prince, thy friend, thy father's praise ;
 Change, hapless land, thy numbers, and bemoan
 Thy prince, thy friend, thy tender father gone.
 For He, --- In whom each grace and virtue met,
 In whom our joys were full, our hopes compleat,
 In whom we gloried, on whose arm relied,
 Our surest safeguard, and our greatest pride,
 Long to the toilsome paths of truth inur'd,
 Long through the dang'rous spring of life secur'd, —
 Is fall'n mature in honour, and in praise,
 And blasts the mournful summer of his days!

Is then, alas ! our only task to grieve ?
 Grief, all we now can give, or he receive ?
 Shall we for all his worth and cares return
 Some few, some plaintive dirges o'er his urn ?
 Shall tears alone our gratitude approve ?
 And heart-felt sorrow shew our pious love ?
 Yes ! 'Tis decreed. For him our tears must flow ;
 Great our affection, great must be our woe.
 Her two lost princes fated to deplore,
 Rome wept Marcellus much, but Drusus more ;
 If just the grief our fires to Henry gave,
 If justly fell the tear on Glo'ster's grave,
 Who will to FREDERICK's riper age refuse
 The deep-fetch'd sigh and melancholy muse ?
 As worth unpractis'd stoops to worth employ'd,
 As bliss expected yields to bliss enjoy'd,
 To man compleat must early youth give way,
 And Glo'ster's morning yield to FREDERICK's day.

He scorn'd the laurels lawless Cæsar won,
 Nor wish'd the pow'r of Philip's frantic son :

Tho'

Tho' brave, yet good, he chose the better part
 To win with kindness, and subdue the heart ;
 His joy to bless a people rich and free,
 Patron of commerce, arts and liberty :
 With honest warmth to prove his country's friend,
 Averse to injure, ready to defend.
 How justly true he form'd his social plan,
 Nor in the prince's grandeur lost the man ;
 How bright, unmov'd by pride, his goodness shone,
 How felt our joys, and made our griefs his own ;
 Witness whoe'er the master kind admire,
 The tender husband, and the careful sire ;
 Witness whoe'er could want or virtue plead,
 Whoe'er was good, to merit ; poor, to need ;
 Whoe'er his generous actions kept in view,
 And their own life from that fair copy drew.

Grieve then, but let not grief those bounds exceed,
 By wisdom fix'd and piety decreed.
 When God inflicts, shall foolish man repine ?
 Severe the stroke, yet still the hand's divine.
 If for our impious frauds, our daring pride,
 Our lusts, our crimes, lamented FREDERICK died,
 Let us with care those paths destructive shun,
 Nor call by sin eternal vengeance down :
 His righteous deed with thankful awe admire,
 Who took the son, but left the aged sire ;
 Left him to sooth with gently lenient hand
 A mournful family, and sorrowing land.
 Where GEORGE presides, can woe distress the plains ?
 Can slav'ry threaten, while a Brunswick reigns ?

Britons, whate'er ye owe to FREDERICK's care,
 Behold his offspring, and repay it there.

Tho'

Tho' gloomy fogs obscure the rising sun,
 The skies may clear, and joy return at noon.
 Your youthful prince to just perfection brought;
 Each glorious lesson by his grandsire taught;
 Taught by AUGUSTA every charm to please,
 Prudence, benevolence, and social ease;
 In each brave, virtuous, royal act approv'd,
 Will ever imitate the fire he lov'd.

By Sir JOHN DAVIE, Bart. of Magd. Coll.

IN hell's dread mansions, by the iron cave
 Whence black Cocytus rolls his lazy wave,
 And Lethe pours her sad oblivious floods;
 In realms, that Chaos antient fire obey,
 Where Heav'n's lost sons maintain their empty sway
 In tenfold darkness and Cimmerian clouds;

Death the tyrant holds his reign,
 The child of Sin, and heir of Pain,
 And hears exulting on the dreary coasts
 The fury's lash, and screams of tortur'd ghosts.

Gloomy fiend, whose ebon rod
 Has pow'r to blast the works of God,
 In fullen shades and sinful night
 To blot the golden face of light;
 Not hell's domain alone thy prize,
 But air and ocean, earth and skies.
 When clouds the wintry deluge pour,
 When whirlwinds rage, and flames devour,
 When groaning thunders rock the ground,
 And ocean heaves the vast profound;

Then

Then Death in triumph rides the waste
On northern winds, or Eurus' blast,
From planets sheds the baleful ray
Whose magic influence sickens day,
Or shakes from comets blazing hair
The pestilence and rage of war.

Not such in elder ages known :

His prison hell, tho' now his throne ;
By adamantine fetters bound,
And torrid oceans boiling round ;
What time the Earth with infant Morn
At Heav'n's prolific word was born :
Emerging from the deep she sprung
In vernal radiance fair and young,
With all her woods, and all her rills,
Her fragrant vales, and sunny hills ;
Then all that wing the air were made,
That skim the stream, or haunt the shade ;
And last on man effulgent flow'd
The living ray that beams from God.

Ah hapless man ! thy trespass drew
From yawning hell a Stygian crew ;
Disease and Pain, and Sin, and Care,
And Murder, child of black Despair ;
And Famine gorg'd with human food,
And War that bathes in crimson blood,
With Death, their chief, in evil hour
To blast creation's fairest flow'r,
To bind the north in frozen chains,
And scatter flames on southern plains.
Ah ! see his iron sceptre spread
To crush the trembling helpless head !

Behold

Behold his chill Gorgonian frown !
 When, keen to mow the nation down,
 His unrelenting fickle stands,
 Usurp'd from Time's delaying hands.
 Adieu ! Saturnian years of gold !
 Ye streams, for nectar fam'd of old !
 Perpetual youth no longer leads
 Her choral train about your meads.
 Where forests crown'd the mountain's brow,
 And vales with plenty smil'd below,
 Shall central fires exhaust their store,
 And seas, escap'd their limits, roar.
 Adieu ! the pastoral field and grove,
 Where Concord dwelt and social Love !
 When lambs with tygers graz'd the lawns,
 And lions join'd the sportive fawns.
 Ah ! soon the tyger's fiery glare
 Nor herds nor bleating flocks shall spare ;
 That tawny lion rend the slain,
 And nature's cries implore in vain ;
 'Till Death, the fiercer foe, invades
 His gloomy haunt in woodland shades.

Man too, misfortune's fatal source,
 At Desolation's raging course
 Despairing, spiritless, amaz'd,
 Shall feel the pow'r his crimes have rais'd ;
 And chill'd by care, or sunk by age,
 Victorious pain, or hostile rage,
 In groans resign his fleeting breath,
 And own thy triumphs, Sin and Death !
 Nor ought avail the lover's sighs,
 The parent's pray'rs, and infant's cries,

Nor

Nor wisdom's, virtue's, beauty's charms,
Mæonian songs, or patriot arms.

So sung the bard in Cliefden's bow'rs
With solemn strain at midnight hours.
Unwonted horrors damp'd his breast,
And woes impending banish'd rest.
How oft to ev'ry pow'r he pray'd,
Each Genius wont to haunt the glade,
Each Naid, daughter of the floods,
And Nymph that loves the pendent woods !
Thee, Thames, the poet's raptur'd theme,
Thee too he call'd, majestic stream !
" O ! as ye prize your Albion's peace,
Her glory, empire, arts increase,
Protect from danger, shield from ill
The princely train that grace your hill ;
And FREDERICK first, by heav'n design'd
The future Titus of mankind !"

The pray'rs were vain——remorseless Fate
To narrow space confin'd his date ;
And Death and Sleep the chief convey'd
To Edward's, and to Henry's shade.

Ah ! yet, he cry'd, the Muse shall save
From Night, and dumb Oblivion's cave
The spirit, freed from cumbrous clay,
And wing her course to light and day.
O ! not to waste eternal hours
With silence in her empty bow'rs
Was form'd that generous gentle mind,
By Virtues, Graces, Arts refin'd ;
Or that unspotted bosom giv'n,
That smiling smooth as azure heav'n,

Unruffled

B

Nor

Unruffled still by Passion's storm,
 Reflected ev'ry Angel Form
 That erst descended from above;
 With Candour, Truth and rosy Love;
 Mercy, that quits for man the skies,
 That wipes the tears from Misery's eyes;
 And radiant Bounty, that imparts
 Her quick'ning beam to fainting Arts;
 And, dazzling to the human sense,
 The Cherub child, Benevolence.

Thou, Britain, hear the verse relate,
 (Could pray'r and tears have soften'd Fate,)
 What wars maintain'd in Europe's cause,
 What empires form'd on Freedom's laws,
 What antient glories heav'n ordain'd
 To mark the æra FREDERICK reign'd.
 Then once again the lyric strings,
 To hail the best of patriot kings,
 Had eccho'd conquest's joyful strains
 On thine, Poitiers, and Cressy's plains;
 And Memory's pen enroll'd his claim
 To GEORGE's, and to Alfred's fame.
 Thou, Prince, on Vict'ry's lap reclin'd,
 Saluted fire of human kind,
 Hadst seen, with years and honours crown'd,
 The Arts and Commerce smiling round.

O! not by airy Fiction led
 With Flatt'ry's charms to sooth the dead,
 The Muse inflam'd with sacred rage
 Discloses Fame's prophetick page:
 Since ev'ry copious annal brings
 Examples strength'ning truths she sings,

And

And time confirms, and nature's course,
That Glory springs from Virtue's source;
That still from kindred pow'rs combin'd,
Fair twins of one immortal mind,
With golden chains of Jove and Fate
Are link'd together Good and Great.

To his Royal Highness
GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

By the Hon. ALLEN BATHURST, Fellow of New Coll.
Third Son of the Right Hon. Lord BATHURST.

A Ccept, great Youth ! from one untaught before
In all the sacred sisters learned lore,
These artless numbers, that unstudied flow
From the rude lip of ill-dissembling Woe.
Ne'er yet I bow'd before the tuneful nine
To bless my verse, and smooth the polish'd line;
Happy, if now these trivial strains declare
A head unskilful, but a heart sincere :
But happiest yet of all the Muses throng,
If kind AUGUSTA smile, and you approve my song.

Yet not in my presumptuous verse be read
The countless tears which sad Britannia shed;
Not in my strains what nations came to mourn
Around your mighty fire's distinguish'd urn :
These weighty themes to abler pens belong,
Too high alas ! for my untutor'd song.
From the slow Cherwell's low sequester'd vale,
I bring domestic Sorrow's humbler tale,

And at your knee, great youth ! submissive bend,
 To weep the father, guardian, and the friend.
 Tho' death has now in nearer prospect shewn
 The dazzling splendors of Britannia's crown,
 Yet lovelier once to thy delighted eyes
 Did the bright opening scene at distance rise,
 When thy great fire with kind parental hand
 To his lov'd heir mark'd out the promis'd land,
 Himself still leading on the pleasing road
 Thro' paths of Love and Peace to Empire's high abode.

Yet still, blest Youth ! the glorious toil assay,
 Tho' cares perplex, and clouds obscure the way ;
 AUGUSTA's prudent hand shall still sustain
 With all Cornelia's care her filial train,
 And Britain's sons in future annals trace
 More virtuous Gracchi in her royal race.

But chief shall Harcourt wise, polite and just,
 Embrace with conscious pride his honour'd trust ;
 Call'd by his awful sovereign's gracious voice
 To fix on Honour's cause the early choice,
 To form thy mind on Wisdom's glorious plan,
 And lead thy rising virtues up to man :
 Pleas'd to behold thy quick-advancing soul
 Outstrip unactive Precept's sober rule,
 And glowing with impatient zeal aspire
 To reach the virtues of thy royal fire,
 That conscious Britain in thy future reign
 May own, that FREDERICK did not live in vain.

To the PRINCESS of WALES.

By Sir LAMBERT BLACKWELL, Baronet,
of Queen's College.

I Llustrious mourner, beautiful in tears,
By Nature and the Graces form'd alone
To swell a nation's hopes, disperse its fears,
To grace a scepter, dignify a throne;

AUGUSTA! O forgive us while we sing;
The Muses are deserted: you supply
A nobler tribute than the Muses' spring:—
I see the tears soft-streaming from your eye.

Lamented Prince!—In rural Cliefden's grove,
With soul to thine attun'd, He led the hours,
To Nature sacred and connubial Love:—
How sweet the walks, and how belov'd the bow'rs!

But ah! they charm no more, no more invite;
Wither the bow'rs, the walks forget their green,
The groves in dreary sadness pain the sight,
And sigh the princess, whom they hop'd a queen.

What heav'n has will'd, all-gracious heav'n, be done!
In Fate's eternal book our doom is read:
A prince is now extinguish'd, now a sun:
The sun must die, and FREDERICK is dead.

Yet trust the Muse, who scorns a hope or fear;
 Since Glo'ster's ashes sanctify'd her verse,
 Ne'er Oxford felt a sorrow more sincere,
 Than now, lamenting o'er his honour'd hearse.

He lov'd the Muse: For Pope reliev'd his hours,
 And with melodious magic sweetly charm'd;
 And Thomson, Nature's painter, spread his flow'rs
 With more than Titian's glowing colours warm'd.

Had they—but Death involves in gloomy shade
 Their laurell'd brows!—his virtues still had shone
 With colours rounded, never taught to fade,
 More royal in their lines, than on a throne.

For sacred poets, by a mystic pow'r,
 Lords of eternity! but drawn the pen,
 And lo! the favourites of the tuneful bow'r
 Refine to angels, who before were men.

To his Royal Highness Prince GEORGE.

By M. CHOLMELEY, Fell. of Magd. Coll.

WHILE Britain fills with streams of tears her urn,
 Shall the land grieve, and not the prophets mourn?
 Whilst every face the fatal blackness wears;
 Shall these most feel, and yet withhold their tears?
 Oh, this be never said! but rather say,
 They'd pay their sorrows in the noblest way.

As

As some rich vessel, just her voyage gain'd,
The sailors pleas'd to see their hopes attain'd,
By fates unseen is stranded on the coast,
And all, except some few choice ingots, lost ;
Their busy griefs employ'd on what remains ;
No time to dwell upon the perish'd gains :
So we---your nation are the shipwreck'd here ;
You, our great treasure, and our ardent care.

'Tis not the cluster'd titles; garter'd pride;
Our royal loss can ne'er be so supply'd.
Goodness alone the drooping heart must cheer ;
By growing hopes to ease your country's fear ;
And give a blessing back for every tear.
To turn you to the pattern on the throne ;
And study there the duties of a crown.
Each regal virtue in that glass to view ,
And learn the end of greatness, not the shew.
Plac'd, like the serpent, for the public eye,
To heal the plague of sorrow ere we die.
To let no whispers draw your youth aside ;
But be his great experience still your guide.
To hear with rev'rence, and with haste obey ;
And teach your subjects by yourself the way.
So jewellers their curious stones refine,
Setting their lustre by the kindred mine.

The roll you will not tear, young prince, pursue,----
Love for the dead becomes a zeal for you.
Dead, did we say ? --- but not to be forgot !
O worthless greatness, that must be thy lot !
His goodness issu'd with so free a grant,
The only fear was, royalty should want.

Like

Like light he blest'd, and quick'ned like the heat ;
 The smallest plant was cherish'd with the great.
 Ask of each Charity, she'll weep and own,
 The father lost was her's, not yours alone.

Blest shade, farewell ! tears the best altars raise ;
 At home the fairest monument of praise.
 Soon our plain lines the nice disdain will leave ;
 Your laurell'd son a nobler fame shall give.
 When scepter'd kings around shall view his worth,
 They'll talk of thee, who gave such virtues birth.
 O prince, these great examples now receive ;
 Like odours mixing the perfumes they give ;
 Think on your father's death---like GEORGE, to live. }
 For what to copy him can more inflame,
 Than the vast love pour'd out on FREDERICK's name ?
 No adverse tryals you have need to fear ;
 Two royal blessings still support you here. }
 The third that's gone will turn your guardian there.
 Your master to his own wise purpose leave ;
 Favourite to heav'n you are in what you have.
 When crouds expectant flock'd around the fire,
 Waiting to see the jewish youth expire,
 Tho' three, which heav'n did for its chosen own,
 The angels kept to save them, were but one.

By JAMES FORTESCUE, D. D. Fellow of
Exeter Coll.

WHY droops the Muse? Why silent are the lays,
Which erst symphonious to the voice of mirth
Resounded FREDERICK's name? Why fault'ring speaks
Each tuneful tongue, late prompt to sing of joy?
Why languid shines the sun? Why screaming fly
The birds portentous? In the vault of heaven
Why shroud their less'ning lights yon starry worlds?

Veil, veil, Britannia, hide thy faded honours,
Now mouldering into dust. See where the star,
That reign'd propitious at his natal hour,
Has sadden'd all the year?

Alas! that not his heavenly princess' tears,
Nor yet those babes, those pledges of their loves,
The fairest flow'rs in all Britannia's soil,
Nor yet his fire's, nor yet a nation's prayers,
Avail'd t' arrest th' inexorable doom!
Has Providence, to scourge a guilty land,
Elanc'd its arrow, snatching to itself
Such worth, for heav'n matur'd, too just for earth?
Yet still in pity to our fervent vows
The fire remains; and may he long remain,
T' avert the dreadful ills, desponding hearts
To animate, and bless this mournful isle!

Nor grieve, fair princess, that your other self,
From transient pleasures, only gilded pains,
Is soar'd beyond life's storms. — His virtuous soul,
By long experience train'd in Wisdom's paths,
Knew the true value of all earthly grandeur,

The

The statesman's glory, and the great man's pride.
 Thee only, and thy babes of princely worth
 He left with great regret, yet with a prayer
 For Britain and for thee; still that allay'd,
 Full well assur'd his sons in Britain's cause
 Shall conquerors rise, and thou their acts enjoy,
 Bless'd in thy virtue, but in theirs o'er bless'd.

For this, where scarce a tuneful voice is heard,
 Or flowret grows, advent'rous shall the Muse
 Tune its love-labour'd song, for who deserves
 It more than those, the patriots of our weal?
 Glad as benighted travellers to see
 The friendly lamp come dawning on their eyes,
 I raise my thankful hands to gracious heav'n
 In gratulation of my country's good.—

When rocks descend to dust, when mountains nod
 Low as their basis; need we wond'ring view
 The sons of frail mortality decay?
 No; when the cyphers of existence sink,
 They, heedless as they liv'd, unheeded die.
 But when the good, the generous, and the brave,
 The nobler spirits of etherial mould,
 (As suns bright-shining in the azure heav'ns,)
 As mean men bow, as insects of a day;
 How are the mighty fall'n, alas! we cry,
 Thoughtless that they but disappear; they veil
 Awhile from us their radiance, to illumine
 Another hemisphere before unblest'd.

Yet FREDERICK's salutary deeds shall live
 In verse, more durable than breathing brass.
 When time's keen scythe shall level in the dust
 Peasant and prince, without a stone or sign

Sepulchral

Sepulchral to point out their mean remains,
Still shall the turf lie light on FREDERICK's breast,
And ages hence, as near Evander's dome,
Shall shepherds blithly pipe, and sing his praise.

Oft yet the tender tear, the heaving sigh,
Humanity fore-touch'd at such a loss,
Will rise spontaneous, claiming to be heard.
And pensive as they walk, they still must wish
That gracious heav'n, in pity to mankind,
Had longer lent him to adorn our world.

Oh!—Man, insensible of rising ills
Best hid by providence in Time's dark womb,
Big with the hope of something new, untry'd,
Plays like a lambkin on the flow'ry lawn
In the broad sunshine; thoughtless what dire blasts
Fly pestilential in the noontide glade,
Which not a Wilmot with Machaon's skill
Can dissipate, nor thine, illustrious Mead;
Careless what accidents may intervene,
What arrows, pointed by the hand of Fate,
May random fly, yet wound a sacred breast.
Fair as the fairest of the blooming spring,
Too oft a canker preys upon the root,
And withers all the honours of the year.

O! when the pealing organ calls to dust,
How melancholy-duteous to attend
The funeral obsequies of one so lov'd!
Oh! then the sad remembrance of his love,
The heart-felt anguish for a prince so good,
Untimely lost! how deadly then the pangs
Of his lov'd consort, robb'd of all that's near
And dearest to her-----O! the tender scenes,

Where

Where they so innocently spent their days ;
 The last sad scene embittering all the past !
 Great as the sorrow of his royal babes,
 Of their best stay bereav'd, of sound advice,
 Living example, which best spoke the truth !
 Truth which the Stagyrice could ne'er instill
 Into young Ammon----grave, religious truth !
 Fit to uphold, and dignify a king ;
 Not in the dark, the melancholy dress
 Of fourest Superstition, to affright
 Their tender minds, to gloominess averse ;
 But in the amiable, the easy garb
 Of genuine Faith, Simplicity, and Truth,
 Candid Simplicity best form'd to please :
 Nor unadorn'd, mere cold and lifeless words,
 Apt to disgust, as spiritless, as dull ;
 But wing'd with true sublimity of thought,
 Lively sincerity, a glowing zeal,
 Language persuasive of a well-fram'd heart.

Rapt into ages past, when Cressy's fields
 Ensanguin'd rush to view, th' embattled hosts
 In his description war ; their little hearts
 With manly thoughts expand : before them pass
 Sages and heroes, th' Edwards, Henrys bold,
 High in the rolls of fame, and far renown'd
 For arts of peace or war ; and beck'ning seem
 To call them forth to virtue : they mean-while
 Hang on his words admiring ; at both ears
 Drinking instruction ; kindling into thoughts
 Like theirs impassion'd, in Britannia's cause,
 One day to rise the conquerors of the world.
 There great Eliza's form stands fair to view

Augustly .

Augustly amiable; th' Armada seems
Vanquish'd beneath her arms; here William fam'd
For rescu'd liberty and arts restor'd,
Raifes his laurel'd head: their raptur'd sense
Already sees their kindred heroes rise
In glittering array; and now they hear
Their trumpets found th' alarm---they start---the fight
They meditate, and dauntless rush to arms.

Ere yet their minds were tender to be form'd
By salutary precepts, well he stor'd
The soul's void cabinet: example rare!
Meet to inform the flower of Albion's youth
To rise in arts superiour as in birth,
The brightest jewels in the British crown.

More had he plan'd----but th' iron tongue of Death,
Envyng such dignity should long reside
With mortals undeserving, call'd away
His princely soul, and there Britannia's pride.

Who now with friendly, true paternal care
To guide their wavering foot-steps; who to warn
From Pleasure's paths, and false-alluring charms?
Thou, Harcourt, canst; for say, who better knows,
More skilful who, to watch each rising passion,
To train them in the path the grandfire treads,
Framing their morals to adorn a world?
Norwich, 'tis thine to pour th' instructive beam
Full on the opening soul; its latent powers
By exercise t' unfold; the real charms
Of Truth, of Liberty, of virtuous lore,
Sole objects worthy of a British prince,
With a resistless eloquence to teach:
This can alleviate all a nation's fears.-----

All hail, great GEORGE: this generous plan is thine,
 Thus to reform us, th' influence will extend
 To distant lands, and heroes yet unborn.
 And when (O very late!) thy nobler part
 Ascends her native skies, Britannia's sons,
 Oft as thy natal day, the day which gave
 So great a blessing, shall revolve, will hail
 Thee as their father, Thee their common good:
 Fame ever-faithful shall thy memory grave
 In columns high, immortal as thy acts!

By GEORGE SMITH, A. M. Fellow of
 New College, and Senior Proctor.

- “ THE solemn dirge prepare---What bard un-
 “ Can leave the Muses' darling patron fled?
 “ What harp, if artless, by meer sorrow strung,
 “ Joins not to celebrate the mighty dead?
- “ Why groan'd the earth of late? why shook with fear
 “ Convuls'd? those herds why sicken'd now we see?
 “ Forgetful of the spring, why lagg'd the year?
 “ 'Twas Nature, Albion, sympathiz'd with thee!
- “ Ye sons of Isis, in your tuneful woe,
 “ Britannia's wound, her hero fall'n deplore;
 “ My self will publish it where'er I flow,
 “ And spread the mournful news from shore to shore.

Thus spake the sacred stream, whose chrystal tides
 Thy reverend tow'rs, fair Rhedycina, lave;
 Then leaning on his urn reclin'd, he glides
 Pensive adown the slowly-rolling wave.

At

At length, fit haunt of Gods, thy blissful seat
Appears, O Cliefden, rushing into view,
Cliefden late fav'rite of the good and great ;
Then struck with grief the God begins anew.

" O tow'ring palace, O thou sacred grove,
" Made ever verdant by my fost'ring care,
" Where FREDERICK and AUGUSTA went to rove
" Within thy mazes, lovely, loving pair !

" Adieu, ye charming scenes, where oft I've ey'd
" The godlike man, adieu ye soft retreats ;
" Displeas'd I now behold ye as I glide ——
" What envious pow'r hath robb'd ye of your sweets ?—

" Your sweets indeed remain, but not to me ;
" Your paradise is now a barren waste ;
" Your hero's fled, and charming tho' you be,
" I, missing him, none other pleasures taste !

" But say what nymph, in fable weeds array'd,
" By moonshine seen thro' yon dark thicket gleams ?—
" 'Tis she, AUGUSTA, gliding thro' the shade,
" Alas ! is come with tears to swell my streams.

" Well may she weep, full well her woe-gall'd mind
" In all the vehemence of grief complain ;
" Well feel the stroke which pierces all mankind,
" I too could weep—but that to weep were vain !—

" Then dry those fruitless tears, since thus to mourn
" But taints the bliss of thy dear saint above :
" These streaming eyes to thy lov'd offspring turn,
" Sweet, beauteous pledges of your former love.

- “ See their great fire renewing in his race ;
 “ And whilst they round thee on my margin play,
 “ My mirror pleas'd shall their lov'd image trace,
 “ Their forms reflecting, as thy FREDERICK's they !

By JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A. of New College,
 Professor of Modern History.

A Lready War had spread his wasteful flood,
 And delug'd half the globe with British blood ;
 Rebellion next with so much fury reign'd,
 Ev'n Vict'ry mourn'd amidst her triumphs gain'd :
 Yet, as unwarn'd by heav'n, our careless land
 Play'd with the bolts that arm the thunderer's hand.
 To punish nearer the luxurious lord,
 Disease and famine, threat the wanton board ;
 Yet still, with loose debauch, they waste away
 The night in pleasures ; and in sleep, the day.
 Th' Almighty rose, to dash their senseless mirth ;
 And, to the centre, shook the trembling earth :
 A momentary pause their revels broke ;
 But the fear vanish'd sudden as the stroke.
 Greatly incens'd, yet tenderly severe,
 He gives this last, sad effort of his care ;
 The wonted trial of his mighty hand,
 Or to reclaim, or sink a guilty land.
 Ev'n harden'd Egypt, long by judgments try'd,
 Saw, and relented, when her first-born died ;
 Ev'n harden'd England, to reflection driven,
 Rememb'ring FREDERICK's virtues, thinks of heaven :
 Divided parties now consent to fear ;
 And Faction joins her undissembled tear.

In

In all these realms of sorrow, see where chief
 AUGUSTA sits; the sovereign Queen of Grief!
 What mighty anguish tears her tender breast!
 What heart-felt pangs! how variously distressed!
 Fondly she counts his many virtues o'er:
 Then mourns her loss; but mourns for Britain more.
 Paternal Love, and chaste connubial Truth,
 On her right hand, weep o'er the royal youth:
 Upon her left, the mournful Arts appear;
 And drooping Science sheds the grateful tear.

Our patron Saint, to sooth the sinking dame,
 With aspect mild, like Britain's monarch, came.
 His arm upheld her, by her griefs oppress'd,
 Whilst thus the tutelary GEORGE address'd,
 And oft, in speaking, view'd her with an eye
 Of troubled love, and gentle majesty.—
 'Tis fit, AUGUSTA, thus to vent your woe,
 And give the bursting tears a generous flow;
 When prest with sorrow, and o'ercharg'd with grief,
 'Tis from the eyes the heart demands relief:
 But, O forbear t' indulge the pleasing pain!
 Though heav'n's great king afflicts, he heals again:
 Again, he takes Britannia to his care;
 Sees England's sorrows, hears your generous prayer.
 The nation's crimes, that wak'd the wrath of heaven,
 At length, for princely virtues, are forgiven.
 Then rise, and be yourself! — Beneath your wing
 Propitious shield this future patriot king:
 Great Britain's second hope with caution raise,
 And turn his steps from Error's mazy ways;
 His course 'midst Pleasure's soft allurements steer:
 A nation's welfare hangs upon your care.

See, to your aid, how chos'n a band resorts !
 See Harcourt, form'd for friendship, and for courts ;
 Stone, learned, good, judicious, and polite ;
 Instructed by each grace, to act or write :
 And Norwich, skill'd to lead, persuade, convince,
 Looks like a guardian angel on his prince.
 These, these attend ! to watch his ripening years,
 T' assist his virtues, and allay your cares.

Yet, e'er I part, this short advice be given ;
 And well observe it, for it comes from heaven.

“ Mark, the true path to glory !——Teach his youth
 “ Religion, virtue, polity, and truth.
 “ By the divine exemplar mould his mind :
 “ Wisdom, and goodness, with dominion join'd.
 “ These be your arts, and this your pattern be
 “ For godlike rule ; an empire o'er the free.
 “ All power to the publick good direct ;
 “ And form a king, to bless, and to protect.”

To her Royal Highness

The Princess Dowager of WALES.

By WILLIAM DOBSON, L. L. B. of New Coll.

I.

NOT with perpetual horror lours
 The low-hung cloud : tho' gloomy show'rs
 Now shroud the darken'd plain ;
 Soon, royal mourner, soon shall stream
 Thro' the dank mist th' all-chearing beam,
 And bless th' enliven'd swain.

The

II.

The north-wind bleak with dreary blast
 Awhile may nature's charms o'erblast,
 And chill the womb of earth;
 But quick succeeds th' auspicious spring,
 Soft-brooding with expanded wing
 To wake the genial birth.

III.

Thou, still forlorn, thy bended breast
 With all affliction's weight oppress'd,
 Droop'st o'er thy FREDERICK's urn:
 Nor dost thou check the gushing tear,
 Or when mild evening lights her star,
 Or at the dawn's return.

IV.

Did then th' embitter'd streams of woe
 Down Anna's cheek, incessant flow,
 When Denmark left her side?
 Or when the melancholy doom
 Untimely seiz'd her Glo'ster's bloom,
 Was comfort's balm denied?

V.

Cease, fair AUGUSTA, cease to grieve;
 Heav'n claims thy lord, and bids thee heave
 No more the fruitless sigh;
 Resume thy wonted air serene,
 And raise to many a pleasing scene
 The long-dejected eye.

There,

VI.

There, turn thine elevated fight
To those encircling rays of light,
Thy confort wears above;
Here, GEORGE'S throne establish'd see
On pillars of fair liberty,
And of his people's love.

VII.

Then view that lovely, numerous line,
Sweet-blending FREDERICK'S charms with thine.—
Begin th' important charge,
Which the wise monarch's tend'rest care
Commits to thee; their youth to rear,
Their op'ning minds enlarge.

VIII.

They by thy generous voice inspir'd,
By Brunswick's great example fir'd,
Shall wide proclaim their race;
The rights, their fires maintain'd, ensure;
Preserve our laws, religion, pure,
Britannia's firmest base.

To

TO MELANCHOLY.

By FOOTE GOWER, M. A. Fellow of
Brazen-Nose College.

Hence ye Pleasures fond, and vain,
Hence ye light, fantastic train !
But come, thou Goddess, sad, and slow,
Who tread'st the solemn step of woe !

Come, and with thee bring along
The pensive sigh, and plaintive song,
The wrinkled brow, the visage drear,
The bursting heart, and starting tear,
Grief, that in stupid silence stands,
And Sorrow wringing both his hands.

Come at Horror's highest noon,
When howling dogs proclaim the moon ;
When the screech-owl tunes her throat,
And lengthens out the boding note ;
When, from the ivy-mantled tow'r,
Sullen sounds the midnight hour.

Sober-suited be thy trim,
Thy waxen taper blazing dim,
To cast around a serious gloom,
And glimmer in the silent tomb ;
Where repose the pompous dead,
Where the mighty lay their head.

Hail,

Hail, Goddess, hail! and with me deign
To meditate this darkling scene——
Its scanty limits, scarce a span;
Its hoarded treasures, wrecks of man;
Reason, beauty, honour, birth,
Lost in mould'ring dust and earth.

Yet here, in mimic state, must lie
The glory of this nether sky;
Whose awful brow cou'd doom to death,
Whose smile recall the parting breath,
Whose pow'r benign, with copious hand,
Could scatter plenty round a land.

The orphan eat his daily bread;
He eat, and blest the hand that fed.
The widow told her piteous tale——
The wasting oil forgets to fail.
Her smiling offspring round her rise,
And catch the comfort from her eyes.

Ev'n Misery ceas'd to clank its chain,
He charm'd away its sense of pain:
Ev'n Care cou'd blunt its sharpest sting,
And 'midst her torments laugh and sing:
Envy unmov'd could gaze at bliss,
And bid her Gorgons cease their hiss.

The sister Graces beat the earth
Light, in all the maze of mirth:
In saffron robe, and loosen'd zone,
They led the laughing Seasons on;
Cherub Joy, with aspect bland,
Attendant on the decent band.

Ah!

Ah! Goddeſs, ſuch the halcyon times,
When FREDERICK hail'd theſe bliſſful climes;
When, like the bird whoſe matten rings,
He foſter'd us beneath his wings;
And, by the boon of partial heav'n,
To us the brooding warmth was given.

But now this genial heat is fled,
Fair Poefy reclines her head:
Sculpture inanimated ſtands,
And drops the chizel from her hands:
Whilst Muſic, melancholic-flow,
Can only trill the note of woe.

And hark; amidſt the mournful gloom
Slow winds a murmur round the tomb,
Which ſeems to ſound in hollow ſtrain —
This is Melancholy's reign.

By JAMES CLITHEROW of All-Souls Coll.

'T WAS on the evening of that gloomy day,
When FREDERICK, ever lov'd, and ever mourn'd,
(Such heav'n's high will, and who ſhall diſobey?)
To earth's cold womb in holy pomp return'd.

With fullen ſounds the death-denouncing bell
Proclaim'd aloud the diſmal tale of woe,
The pealing organ join'd the ſolemn knell,
In mournful notes, majeſtically ſlow.

Ah!

The

The full-voic'd choir, in stoles of purest white,
 With frequent pause, the soul-felt anthem raise;
 While o'er the walls, in darkest sable dight,
 A thousand tapers pour'd their holy blaze.

In high devotion rapt, the mitred sage,
 With energy sublime, the rites began;
 While tears from ev'ry sex, and ev'ry age,
 Bewail'd the prince, the father, and the man.

" Who, when our sov'reign leige to fate shall yield,
 " Shall prop, like him, Britannia's falling state?
 " Who now the vengeful sword of Justice wield,
 " Or ope, like him, sweet Mercy's golden gate?

" Who shall to Arts their pristine honour bring,
 " Rear from the dust fair Learning's laurell'd head,
 " Or bid rich Commerce plume her daring wing?
 " Arts, Learning, Commerce are in FREDERICK dead.

" Who now shall tend, with fond paternal care,
 " The future guardians of our faith and laws?
 " Who teach their breasts with patriot worth to dare,
 " And die, with ardour, in Britannia's cause?

" And who, ah! who, with soft endearing lore,
 " Shall sooth, like him, the royal mourner's breast?
 " Her lord, her life, her FREDERICK is no more."----
 Deep groans and bitter wailings speak the rest.

Then, when at length the awful scene was clos'd,
 And dust to dust in holy hope consign'd;
 All to their silent homes their steps dispos'd,
 To feed on solitary woe the mind;

All

All but Lorenzo;—he, with grief dismay'd,
 Nor heeding ought but FREDERICK's hapless fate,
 Musing along the cloyster'd temple stray'd,
 Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.

But when each lamp by slow degrees expir'd,
 And total night assum'd its silent reign,
 Sudden he starts, with wild amazement fir'd,
 And big with horror traverses the fane.

The vaulted mansions of th' illustrious dead
 Inspire his shudd'ring soul with ghastly fears,
 Dire shapes, and beck'ning shades around him tread,
 And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

There, as around the monumental maze
 Darkling he wanders, a resplendent gleam
 Shoots o'er th' illumin'd isle a distant blaze,
 Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

With glory clad, th' imperial shrines among,
 Four royal shapes on iv'ry thrones were plac'd,
 High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,
 Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

The first was he, whom Cressy's glorious plain
 Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprise;
 Nor less his praise in Virtue's milder strain,
 Just, humble, learned, merciful and wise.

Next Arthur sat, at whose auspicious birth
 In one sweet flow'r the blended roses join'd;
 And Henry next, fair plant of Scottish earth,
 The hope, the joy of Albion and mankind.

Yet green in death, the last majestic shade

Wore gracious FREDERICK's mild endearing look;
To him the rest obeyfance courteous paid,
And Edward thus the princely form bespoke:

" All hail! illustrious partner of our fate,

" For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds;

" Hail! to the mansions of the good and great,

" Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

" The same our fortune, as our worth the same,

(" To worth like ours short date doth heav'n assign)

" As one our fortune, one shall be our fame,

" And long record our deathless names shall join.

" But oh! I tremble for Britannia's state,

" May guardian pow'rs avert the dire preface!

" For well she knows, at our untimely fate

" How heav'n's dread vengeance smote each sinful age.

" The regal staff aspiring Bolinbroke

" Snatch'd with rude grasp from Richard's princely hand;

" Loos'd from hell's confines, civil Discord shook

" The dubious throne, and tore the bleeding land.

" When Arthur died, imperious Henry's thirst

" Of subjects blood nor heeded sex nor age;

" His wives a sacrifice to vagrant lust,

" His nobles victims to tyrannic rage.

" When pious Charles in right fraternal reign'd,

" Rebellion proudly stalk'd from shore to shore,

" Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan'd,

" And dy'd the guilty land with royal gore.

" Yet

" Yet ah ! may pity move relenting heav'n !
 " Enough she groans beneath her present woe ;
 " Enough to vengeance is already giv'n ;
 " Her FREDERICK's dead ;--there needs no other blow."

Scarce had he spoken, when the bird of day
 'Gan morn's approach with clarion shrill declare,
 At once th' unbodied phantoms fade away,
 The fond illusion all dissolves in air.

By J. HUCKELL, B. A. of Magd. Hall.

O Yet a moment from the heav'n-born Muse
 Invited turn the ravish'd ear away ;
 To weaker numbers listen, nor refuse
 Indulgence to an humbler poet's lay :
 A youth, who never from the Delian grove
 Has dar'd to pluck the laurel's sacred wreaths ;
 Whose breast no rapture feels, but what the love
 Of virtue to the grateful bosom breaths ;
 Who can assert no other plea for fame, [name.
 But that his verse is mark'd with gentle FREDERICK's

Yet, ye fair virgins of the tuneful quire,
 Who chaunt the shades of Helicon among,
 I call not you to lend your needless fire ;
 The theme itself shall animate the song.
 'Tis FREDERICK's praise, and where's the breast so cold,
 But such a subject can to transports heat ?
 And so much goodness who can e'er behold,
 Nor feel his heart with admiration beat ?
 So the bright sun, amid the sky serene,
 Affords the glorious light, by which itself is seen.

But should each Sister bring, with plenteous hand,
 Her sweetest flow'rs, and strew them o'er his tomb;
 Such mournful honours well may he demand,
 Nurs'd with whose care those flow'rs began to bloom.
 Chill'd with neglect, they long had droop'd beneath
 The cheerless winter of a thankless age;
 He had the genial breeze of Favour breath,
 And still'd the storm of Envy's furious rage:
 Fair Science rais'd awhile her head reclin'd,
 And, not deceiv'd, in him a lover hop'd to find.

With tales of spotless love to swell the verse,
 No more let bards to wanton fiction rove;
 But when they would the golden age rehearse,
 Seek here, and what before was fiction, prove.
 Th' applauding world beheld, with strange delight,
 A prince the wonder of paternal care:
 The bridal torch was seen to burn so bright,
 That squinting Envy shun'd the dazzling glare.
 He liv'd, like Nature's earliest sons, sincere,
 And held the guiltless joys of social pleasure dear.

A bosom, that such tender passions felt,
 To glorious Freedom must be found a friend;
 Freedom and Love together still have dwelt,
 Their aid to Liberty the Virtues lend.
 And, not within the royal walls confin'd,
 He wider bade his eye benignant rove,
 With gen'rous friendship to survey mankind,
 But look on Britain with a father's love.
 O'er Virtue's modest sons the shield he threw,
 But on her haughty foes the sword of Justice drew.

Yet

Yet e'n for these he ne'er refus'd to feel
 The voice of Mercy whisp'ring in his ear:
 Nor would have wish'd to draw the pointed steel,
 Regardless of the bended suppliant's tear.
 Not drunk with pow'r, he view'd the giddy height
 Of dazzling greatness with a single eye,
 Nor thought the wretched were below his sight,
 Nor for humility himself too high. —
 Yet vast ambition fill'd his ardent soul,
 Not arms, but happiness, to spread from pole to pole.

Quick to his name the grateful column rear,
 Let on its top the royal figure stand;
 A guardian angel let the prince appear,
 O'er Britain spreading wide his bounteous hand.
 Beneath his wings let Merit sit secure,
 And feast upon his smiles serene and sweet;
 From her full lap let golden Commerce pour
 The wealth of ev'ry climate at his feet:
 While Isis, by the hand of Freedom led,
 Fixes the meed of worth, her chaplet on his head.

Bright partner of his virtues and his heart,
 Hither thine eyes, illustrious mourner, bend;
 In all thy suff'rings Isis bears a part,
 A friend to Britain must be Oxford's friend.
 This store of grief O think not to engross,
 Nor judge that Fate has wounded thee alone;
 We'll share thy sorrows, as we feel the loss.
 Believe him only hasten'd to a throne,
 Remov'd from danger and secur'd from care,
 Which thou with him again art sometime sure to share.

But thou, young prince, Britannia's hope, on whom
 For years of future blessings she relies,
 O (as thou canst) elude the fatal doom,
 And give again thy parent to our eyes !
 As time thy growing virtues shall mature,
 He shall again in thee begin to live ;
 Then think not what a loss we now endure,
 But what a treasure thou thyself canst give.
 So make us hope, that not for our offence,
 But to reward his worth, just heav'n has call'd him hence.

To her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES.

By W. PARKER, M. A. Fell. of Baliol Coll.

Britannia mournful fought the silent stream,
 Where virgin Isis hastes to meet the Thame ;
 And thus the river-deities address,
 While pungent sorrows heav'd within her breast.
 " Teach me, ye murmur'ing river-nymphs, to mourn !
 " Let the big eye pour forth its plenteous urn !
 " No greater loss e'er pious tears requir'd ;
 " No greater hopes have in one breath expir'd.
 " From heart to heart alternate is the sigh ;
 " Her promis'd guardian falls ; and Albion seems to die.
 " Her royal PATRON from her arms remov'd
 " Let Isis mourn ! for Isis much he lov'd.
 " Lend me your fountains, all ye wat'ry pow'rs !
 " Ye Naiads, weep in all your dewy bow'rs !
 " Ask not why yet Britannia's cheeks are dry,
 " Why tears their tributary streams deny ;

Grief

- " Grief is grown stupid through excess of woe,
 " And stops the sluice where rivers strive to flow.
 " The hypocrite his feign'd regret can sleep
 " In floods of tears ; the heart-stung cannot weep.
 " Ifis beneath a vault of dripping stone,
 " Sat pensive on her ooze, and heard the moan.
 " Britannia stands excus'd ; for tears, she cries,
 " Are but faint emblems of the heart that dies.
 " My Muse in stronger lines shall paint thy grief,
 " And great expression give the heart relief.
 " My Muses all prepare the plaintive song,
 " To mournful subjects plaintive notes belong.
 " How gracious are the pangs of social woe !
 " But spare thy tears ! See my own streams o'erflow !
 " Enough of clouds !--cease Albion, cease thy moan,--
 " New beams arise,——and bid Despair be gone.
 " For late, when nature was all hush'd in sleep,
 " All but the flowing eyes awake to weep,
 " Learn'd Rhedycina to the Naiads came,
 " And thus began the sage prophetick dame.
 " Weep not, ye gentle Naiads, for the dead !
 " Let living joys exalt the drooping head !
 " Though FREDERICK from your fond caresses flies,
 " Yet see the father in the son arise !
 " See radiant glories round his temples play !
 " And his bright visage is the face of day.
 " Albion shall still preside upon the main,
 " And Brunswick's name still triumph o'er the plain ;
 " The terror of whose arms shall Peace command ;
 " And civil Discord envious quit the land.
 " Arise, fair PRINCE ! thy grandfire still survives ;
 " And in his breast a tender father lives.

" Begin

- “ Begin to imitate thy god-like fire !
“ Cheer with his goodness ; blest with all his fire !
“ His num’rous steps through history pursue,
“ And learn mankind in one extensive view !
“ With antient days the present hours connect ;
“ Causes the same produce the same effect.
“ In each great reign your father’s soul you’ll see ;
“ And where the good assemble, there is He.
“ But this one fixt, unvaried rule you’ll find,
“ Vice is a curse ; the virtuous blest mankind.
“ Subjects and sov’reigns are a mutual crown ;
“ And righteousness the basis of the throne.
“ And thou, great princess, matron of our hope,
“ Behind the sable veil no longer droop !
“ No more a widow——let thy sorrows end !
“ See George thy husband, father, and thy friend !
“ Rise to the task the nation’s strength to rear ;
“ Watch with thine eye, and in thy bosom bear !
“ Prepare to blest, ye nations yet to come,
“ The paps that suckled, and the fruitful womb !
“ Though FREDERICK quit thy faithful arms too soon,
“ Let not the womb forget th’ appointed moon !
“ Haste embryo-infant ripening to be born !
“ Fly swift, ye hours, and bring th’ illustrious morn !
“ While circling joys the mother’s cares beguile,
“ And playfome teach the widow’d cheeks to smile.
“ Rise blooming race, and form th’ auspicious train !
“ Command Britannia to forget her pain !
“ As your own trophies wide extend her name,
“ Ye lively omens of her future fame !
“ Henrys and Edwards live again in song !
“ Awake the lyre, and Ciceronian tongue !

“ Till .

" Till Time shall own, the heroes of this line
 " The first in lustre through his annals shine!
 " From this great stem the brightest glory springs,
 " That decorates the long records of kings."

Thus Rhedycina sang; each river-nymph
 Dried from her bright'ning eyes the pearly lymph.
 On Isis' banks no more Britannia mourn'd;
 But to her seat of empire quick return'd:
 There she the weighty book of Fate unfolds;
 A rising hero in each prince beholds;
 Anticipates the glories of her race;
 While Pæans ring through all th' æthereal space.
 Each blooming prince, that round the sceptre shines,
 Exalts her triumphs, and her bliss refines.

Thus when some sudden frost, Pomona's fear,
 Has nipt the open gem, and chill'd the year,
 Yet the gay primrose rears its vernal head,
 And the sweet violet paints the purple bed;
 Bright polyanths their varied gleam display;
 All smile; and nature's face again is gay.

By W. NEWCOME, A. B. Scholar of
 Pembroke College.

Historic Muse! from whom the page,
 That scorns Oblivion's feeble rage,
 And fires succeeding youth;
 That gives heroic acts applause,
 In breathing colours virtue draws,
 Fraught with instructive truth;

Methinks,

Methinks, the genuine signs of woe
In silent eloquence you shew,

Majestically sad;

While near, beneath a cypress' shade,
Sits Melancholy, gloomy maid,
In robes of fable clad.

Perhaps, with eager hope elate,
To write of FREDERICK good and great,
You sooth'd your flatter'd mind,
Unconscious of that baleful hour,
That own'd grim Death's malignant pow'r,
And snatch'd him from mankind.

Perhaps, by airy fancy led,
With Delian leaves you crown'd his head;
Or bade a statue stand
With naval trophies deck'd, and nigh
In brazen chains old Ocean lie,
Confessing his command.

Or was a milder scene portray'd?
Did olive leaves his temples shade?
Did ev'ry tongue proclaim
Th' asserter of commercial right,
His country's father, and delight,
With each much-honour'd name?

Did ev'ry Muse exalt his praise
With emulous and grateful lays?
Who now their lyres unstring,
Or elegiac strains rehearse,
And (fatal change!) funereal verse
In plaintive accents sing.

The

OXFORD VERSES.

47

The prospect, once so bright display'd,
Tho' Fate has veil'd in envious shade,
 Assume th' impartial pen,
Pursue the theme, and bid your page,
Preceptive to the coming age,
 Record him FRIEND OF MEN.

Tell, how enthron'd within his breast
The Queen of Virtues shone confest,
 Godlike Benevolence;
That, like the ruler of the day,
Diffus'd on all a gladfome ray
 And kindly influence.

Say, Britain's Genius saw him dead,
Her face with sorrow overspread,
 Insatiate of the tear:
Say, round his urn the big-swoln eye
Attended, and heart-preying Sigh,
 Daughter of Grief sincere.

Yet Virtue claims a deathless name,
Nor asks the sculptur'd base of Fame
 Its faithless aid to give:
Such aid Tradition shall relate,
And, smiling at relentless Fate,
 Bid FREDERICK ever live.

To the PRINCESS of WALES.

By THO. PATTEN, Gent. Com. C. C. C.

YES, pious mourner, 'tis but just ;
 Weep on, nor check the plaints of woe,
 Flood with your tears his honour'd dust,
 Let earth, let heav'n your sorrows know.

Who shall forbid the bruised heart
 Disorderly to throb and beat ?
 Or who shall teach mankind the art
 To bear unmov'd the shocks of Fate ?

Then freely mourn the Royal Youth,
 Untimely snatch'd from your embrace ;
 In wedlock's tenderness and truth
 Pattern to all the British race !

Mourn, that the mild, pacific throng
 Of Virtues, which around him shone,
 Mounted too soon the stars among,
 Nor scatter'd blessings from the throne.

Mourn, that his tender, honour'd fire
 Hath seen (the tender parent's fear !)
 Before his day the son expire,
 And wept, attendant on his bier.

Mourn that the son, who long had known
 A parent's anxious, pleasing cares,
 Felt in death's pangs his childrens moan,
 Their tears profuse, their fruitless prayers.

Yet

Yet doth the Muse the day fore-ken,
When Melancholy, loathed guest,
Retiring to her gloomy den,
Shall quit to swelling joy your breast.

When he, his country's eldest love,
From Harcourt and the mitred sage,
Hath each wise maxim learn'd t' improve,
Which best may Briton's hearts engage;

When ev'ry grateful tongue shall say;
"This youth revives his father's fame,
"Intent to bless by gentlest sway,
"His country's good alone his aim!"

Then shall you feel your heart o'erflow,
Feel raptures your whole soul employ,
All a fond mother's blessings know,
And weep no more—but tears of joy.

By S. MUSGRAVE, C. C. C.

AH me! that fate should still with nipping blast
The sprightly blossoms of our hope destroy!
Which for a while refreshing odours cast,
And promise for a while fair fruits of joy;

But, while the season of mature delight
Advanceth on with footsteps nothing slow,
Comes the bleak Eurus with un pitying blight,
And lays their pride and bravest beauty low.

E

Did

Did we for this on FREDERICK fix our eyes
 With silent hope, and vows of love sincere ?
 For this did our delighted bosoms rise,
 The chearing music of his name to hear ?

For this did Britain, which with pensive view
 Had long beheld her foul degenerate race,
 (Sad prospect ! that call'd forth the bitter dew
 Of sorrow, trickling down her faded face)

Dry up the stream of her unruly grief,
 And clear her brow with misery overcast ;
 Hoping from FREDERICK to obtain relief,
 And by the future recompense the past ?

He now is dead, and with him too are dead
 The noble inmates of his princely breast ;
 Compassion kind, with acts of goodness fed,
 And warm desire to make a nation blest.

O grief ! O gall of ev'ry virtuous mind !
 That virtue should unseen, unnoted die,
 Ere it could scope for generous actions find,
 And in the cell of dark oblivion lie.

No, no : it must not in oblivion lie,
 Nor sink unwept into the ruthless grave ;
 The Muse, fair tuneful child of Memory,
 From Time's rude envious tooth his name shall save.

She, that with strains of heav'n-taught melody,
 And fair examples of immortal praise
 Bequeath'd to merit and achievements high,
 Did his pure spirit to patriot virtue raise,

Shall

Shall not be silent; but with pious tears
 Snatch, what herself inspir'd, from wasteful Fate;
 And, hung oh high above the reach of years,
 At Fame's fair shrine her off'ring consecrate.

By T. TOURNAY, A. B. of Lincoln Coll.

UNskill'd to sing, I take the sylvan reed;
 As artless Nature dictates, I complain;
 And, while each bard laments Marcellus dead,
 Pour forth my unpremeditated strain.

Britannia pines, and in some secret bow'r
 Silent indulges her insatiate woe:
 Fast from her eyes descends th' incessant show'r,
 And cypress wreaths surround her pensive brow.

Much she revolves thy fond paternal care,
 Thy well-directed search of honest fame,
 Thy duteous love, thy generous spirit rare,
 Whence unextinguish'd blaz'd the patriot flame.

Far from the trivial tumults of the great,
 You oft with rapture view'd the busy strand,
 Where peaceful Commerce fix'd her happy seat,
 And wav'd her horn of plenty o'er the land:

The naval scenes enamour'd to survey,
 Where Thames impetuous rolls his rapid tide;
 And where Avonia's gentler waters stray,
 And 'midst the rocky cliffs meandering glide.

By thee rewarded, from the destin'd shore,
 Our youth with ardour rais'd the spreading sail,
 Or ply'd with active strength the lab'ring oar,
 Or artful fought to catch the prosp'rous gale.

Blest in thy aid they with unweary'd toil
 Regain'd a trade for num'rous ages lost;
 And from Batavia snatch'd the wish'd-for spoil,
 Late brought in triumph home to Albion's coast.

But now they mourn their hapless patron dead,
 Where view'd from far the domes of Greenwich rise,
 Sorrowing for thee their pious tears they shed,
 And deeply heave their tributary sighs.

With them each Briton will thy loss deplore:
 Thy public spirit warm'd the patriot breast:
 Nor less admir'd, when in the genial hour
 Good-nature smiling grac'd the social feast.

In friendship's secret converse form'd to please,
 When distant from the town's tumultuous strife,
 Adorn'd with all the dignity of ease,
 You trod the silent paths of private life.

Blest prince, full often to your honour'd urn
 Will Virtue's sons in distant times repair,
 With emulation of your glory burn,
 And frequent shed the solitary tear.

By

By J. ESTRIDGE, Gent. Com. of C. C. C.

I.

G O now, ye potent rulers of the globe,
 Who shake and wield the nations with your nod,
 In shining armour clad, or peaceful robe,
 Each to the wond'ring croud around a God;
 Go, with the swelling breath of praise elate,
 And let your little breasts with plans immortal beat.

II.

Then to those lofty solemn isles repair, [lies,
 Where trick'd in death's sad pomp great FREDERICK
 (The well-lov'd FREDERICK, England's high-born heir!)
 And learn how fleetly human glory flies;
 Learn that immortal Virtue cannot save
 Her darling sons, but all must know the silent grave.

III.

He too, not mindless of the ruthless day,
 When Fate might round his temples with a crown,
 Had forward sent his anxious thought to lay
 Plans for Britannia's weal and high renown:
 In vain: stern Fate had sown within his frame [flame.
 The seed, whose growth too soon oppress'd life's generous

IV.

In vain? O! no—the Sovereign Judge above
 Deems not, as mortals deem, of man's desert;
 Fair actions claim the Sovereign Judge's love,
 While yet they bud, and swell the generous heart:
 Peace then, good spirit, go with thee to thy rest!
 The glorious meed is thine of kings, who nations blest.

By WILLIAM FANE SHARPE, Student of
Christ Church.

HIGH on the forehead of a steepy cliff,
Whose chalky top low'rs o'er the subject main,
Britannia stood, revolving in her mind
The hardy prowess of her sons, renown'd
In antient story, who in foreign climes
Whilom gave dreadful proofs of val'rous might
And puissance, when the flow'r and pride of France
On Cressi's ever-memorable plains
Fled, poorly fled before a chosen few,
Brave British warriors, chiefs of fair renown;
Nor in the tented field alone expert,
But in the milder arts of social peace
Well-principled, and of unequall'd fame.
Oft would she turn her azure orbs, and view
The smiling plenty of her fav'rite isle,
Prime seat of arts and empire: here she sees
Full many a gallant fleet, in royal state
Plough thro' th' opposing waves their steady course,
From farthest Ind returning, where the spice
With balmy fragrance cheers the ravish'd sense:
Then turning she beheld the furrow'd plains,
Where sturdy peasants at their daily task
Laborious break with brighten'd shares the glebe
Scarce yielding to their toil; or with new joy
Casts her delighted eye o'er blooming heaths,
Where stray the nibbling flocks, whose fleecy coats
Enrich at once and cloath the populous land.

But

But O how slender is the thread, whereon
 All human blifs depends ? how short its date ?
 E'en in the sunshine of our days may come
 Blasts, nipping blasts, to canker all our joys.
 Thus, while the Goddeſs, gazing with delight
 On the gay landscape, fed her glowing thought
 With riſing proſpects of eternal fame
 In future times, by Brunſwick's honour'd race
 Atchiev'd, ſudden an univerſal peal
 Of heaving ſighs and echoing loud laments
 Awak'd her from her dream of fancied blifs
 Too ſoon to end——for Britain's other hope
 Her FREDERICK was no more.—Ah me ! ſhe cries.
 Was it for this I plan'd the deep deſign
 Of wide-extended commerce, that ſhould raiſe
 In after ages Albion's dreaded name
 O'er all the nations of the peopled world ?
 Was it for this, beſt prince, I warm'd thy mind
 With early love of arts, that might adorn
 Thy empire, and become thy ſceptred worth
 Better than all the orient gems, that grace
 The regal diadem, and robe of ſtate ?
 Was it for this the rugged paths of Fame
 I ſhew'd, and bade thee, to be truly great,
 Mark well the footſteps of my favor'd ſon,
 My pride, my glory, ever-ſacred GEORGE ?
 But ah ! what now avail thy pious plans
 Of temper'd juſtice, what thy patriot zeal
 To raiſe Britannia to the ſtarry ſphere,
 Since, doom'd with all thy honours to the grave,
 Untimely thou art fall'n ? For thee ſhall mourn
 Thy once lov'd Albion, and with pious tears

And

And grateful sorrow, meed of virtuous acts,
 Do all due honours to thy lifeless shade.
 For thee each heav'n-inspired bard shall sing
 Melodious, and for thee shall tune the shell
 To notes of tend'rest pity. But O far,
 Far be all murm'ring, all presumptuous grief;
 Nor dare O man, with fruitless search t' arraign
 The hidden way of providence; since He,
 The supreme good, sole author of mankind,
 Shall from this fruitful stem a scyon raise
 Of regal grandeur and distinguish'd fame:
 Who early nurtur'd in right gentle thews,
 And by thy forming hand and pious skill,
 But chief thy bright example, best of wives
 AUGUSTA, generous, prudent, great, and good,
 Train'd up to glory and to fairest deeds,
 Shall shield his people with paternal care.
 Already see the generous youth appear,
 With native sweetness and majestic grace
 Charming the awe-struck fancy; see him bow
 Before his royal grandfire's honour'd throne
 Respectful. Still on him; O goodly prince,
 Still fix thine eye attentive, nor let ought
 That Hydra-headed Faction shall suggest,
 Steal from his counsels thine observant ear.
 Thus shalt thou reign, by all the gladden'd realm
 Belov'd, rever'd: and at thy dread command
 The kings of utmost India, last of men,
 Shall to thy state their ready homage pay,
 And Europe yield to thee her ballanc'd pow'r.
 Then Liberty, best guardian of our isle,
 And even-handed Justice, pure-ey'd Faith,

Uncon-

Unconquer'd Fortitude, with all the train
Of social Virtues, that have long adorn'd
The bulwark of our state, time-honour'd GEORGE,
Fast by thy well-fix'd throne shall wait, and shed
Selectest influence o'er these peaceful fields;
Whilst a long line of kings, from Brunswick sprung,
To later times shall guard Britannia's laws.

The TEARS of ISIS.

By JOHN HESKIN, A. B. Student of
Christ Church.

I.

IN secret shades fond Passion vents her moans : —
Then, whilst each eye scarce checks the gushing tear,
Each struggling breast heaves big with heart-felt groans,
And on each louring brow sits wan despair;
Led by lorn Grief oh! heedless let me stray,
Where musing Melancholy marks the silent way.

II

This gloomy deep recess, from clamour free,
(Where dreary Horror holds his iron reign)
Ah! how it winds my thoughts to extasy,
The rapt soul rais'd to Fancy's magic strain!
Now, now she works,—and to my wond'ring eyes,
By her strong pow'r compell'd, th'embodied forms arise.

Mark

III.

Mark! by yon murmuring brook the stately Queen
 With flowing stole majestic sweeps the ground:
 Hail, Isis, hail!—I know thee by thy mein,
 Thy radiant front with rising turrets crown'd;
 All like to her in Phrygia's blest abodes,
 That auncient Cybele, hight mother of the Gods.

IV.

Fast by her side Religion, pure-ey'd maid,
 Steps with slow pace, demure, and heav'n-ward looks;
 Whilst hoary Learning stoops his rev'rend head,
 Bending beneath a cumbrous load of books;
 Nor far sweet Liberty bounds uncontroul'd,
 And upright Loyalty stands firm, yet calmly bold,

V.

Hark! how with plaints, soft stealing o'er the sense,
 The mourning Goddess charms my ravish'd ear!
 " Ah dire mishap (she cries) which tore him hence!
 " Haste then, my sons, and crown his honour'd bier:
 " Let every Muse, that drinks my hallow'd stream,
 " From Time's devouring tooth preserve his deathless fame.

VI.

" Rais'd by his foster care each generous Art
 " Assum'd new vigour, with new lustre shone;
 " Hence Poesy with Music warm'd the heart;
 " Hence Sculpture form'd the animated stone;
 " With glowing tints hence Painting deck'd her plan.—
 " Whilst others mourn the prince, let me lament the man.

" In

VII.

" In him a father long I proudly hail'd :
 " In him I fondly hop'd to boast a son :
 " Ah ! flatt'ring hopes, how little ye avail'd !—
 " Yet GEORGE may do, what FREDERICK would
 have done.
 " Then from your faith, my sons, oh ! never swerve ;—
 " His favour to enjoy, ye need but to deserve.

VIII.

" Still, as to Liberty, to GEORGE be true ;
 " Your ev'ry step while Loyalty attends,
 " Dauntless, where Learning points, the path pursue,
 " But chief Religion"—Hark—th' illusion ends ;
 And less'ning to the sight the forms decay.—
 FREDERICK, thy name I love ; thee, ISIS, I obey.

By J. SAMPSON, B. A. Fellow of Merton Coll.

WHILE Britain's sovereign in his royal breast
 Feels of distracting care the doubled sting ;
 While with his own, or people's loss oppress'd,
 He weeps a father, or reflects a king ;

What man of music in melodious strain
 Can softly sooth the bitter pangs of grief ?
 What skilful bard assuage the monarch's pain,
 And yield his mighty soul a kind relief ?

Faint

Faint all the force of numbers, force of sound :
Too deep alas ! the destin'd stroke is giv'n ;
No mortal art can heal the deadly wound ;
The blow, the cure, proceed alike from heav'n.

Yet may the sons of Science drop a tear ;
Some tribute sure is due to regal pow'r :
Then cast a look on gentle FREDERICK's bier,
Repeat a dirge, and mourn the fatal hour ;

When all the husband's, all the father's zeal,
The love for human kind, the social mirth,
The gen'rous ardor for the public weal,
The state of royalty, the grace of birth,

Remain'd no more——In vain AUGUSTA sighs,
In vain the babes lisp a lost parent's name,
Whilst manly tears swell young Marcellus' eyes,
Marcellus, Albion's hope, the child of fame.

O Prince ! on you may providence bestow,
Whate'er it once to blooming Glo'ster gave ;
Grant you to gain in youth what sages know,
Grant early wisdom,——but no early grave :

And when (Oh, be it late !) you mount the throne,
With Britain's wishes, and at heav'n's command ;
Happy to find this isle of arms your own,
This feat of liberty, this patriot-land ;

Say, shall the sons of Isis idly sit,
On whom the Muse has pour'd her charms divine,
Untun'd their lyres, and unemploy'd their wit,
Nor sing the glories of the Brunswick line ?

By BENJAMIN KENNICOTT, A. M. Fellow of
Exeter College.

What means this deep solemnity of woe ?
The sighs upheaving, and the tears that flow?
Whence these ? and why do plaintive notes around
From Albion's rocks to Albion's rocks resound ?

What ! is AUGUSTA——has the pow'r divine,
(Which twice benignant gave th' awak'ning sign
And made her tremble——) now supremely just,
Levell'd her tow'rs, and laid her pride in dust ?

If not, and GEORGE yet lives—oh, grant it, heav'n !
Avert that stroke ! years yet on years be giv'n !
If GEORGE yet lives, whence wretched and forlorn ?
Say, Britain's Genius, how can Britain mourn ?

“ 'Tis not AUGUSTA's fall'n; she greatly stands ;
“ And GEORGE th' imperial city still commands :
“ But hear, and tremble ! —— Britain yet may mourn,
“ For GEORGE himself must to the dust return ;
“ I saw it written in the rolls of Fate !
“ Then who, with arms like his, shall guard the state ?
“ Oh ! waft in sighs, ye gales, from shore to shore——
“ Britain's next hopes, and FREDERICK, are no more ! ”

How is the mighty fall'n ! the great ! the good !
Mingle, ye tears, and swell into a flood.

Britons——be just to merit's lasting claim ;
Your smiles are glory, and your tears are fame !
Pay then the honours due to FREDERICK's shade ;
Who lov'd him living, well may mourn him dead :
Each duteous Muse of Isis deck his hearse, (verse.
And our unruly griefs disdain the common bounds of
Others,

Others, great prince, shall grace thy hallow'd tomb
 With flow'rs of language cull'd from Greece and Rome,
 Countries once glorious! — me, who, void of art,
 Boast not the poet's, but the subject's part,
 Deign to accept, presuming to rehearse
 Thy truly English fame in English verse.

Ah! what avail'd thy honours, mighty shade!
 Greatness hereditary — greater made!
 Nobility by virtue far outshone,
 And lineal glories yielding to thy own!
 With what mild majesty didst thou defend
 The sacred names of husband, father, friend!
 While Arts and Commerce sprung beneath thy hand,
 At once to strengthen and adorn the land.

Oh! form'd to please and bless — but thou art gone,
 Snatch'd immaturely from th' expecting throne;
 Nor tears nor pray'rs reverse the fix'd decree —
 But why these pray'rs, and why these tears for thee,
 Thou new-created angel? — thrice forlorn,
 Weep, Britons, for yourselves; for Britain mourn.

If crimes atrocious claim th' avenging rod;
 If Britons yet revere a sov'reign god;
 With deep repentance own th' afflictive hand —
 Heav'n strikes the blow, and warns this guilty land.
 Arise, ye Patriot Virtues, brighter burn!
 Fair Truth, and holy Righteousness return!
 Divine Religion, warm each British breast;
 Reign thou triumphant! — and we still are blest.

GEORGE has not yet his race of glory run,
 And late may we behold his setting sun;
 He lives to fix the empire of the sea,
 And crown his land with virtuous liberty.

And

And now, Britannia, view with wond'ring eyes
Thy future king from FREDERICK's ashes rise !
How clear the dawn of life ! how bright the morn !
What radiant splendors shall his noon adorn !
I see——I see his days of fame begun !
A third illustrious GEORGE, on Britain's throne,
Far-distant realms to save—and bless his own !

}

But who, ah ! who, with greatly-anxious care,
Shall guard, shall educate th' important heir ?
Who shall the arduous scheme of glory plan,
And great and good compleat the rising man ?
Crown'd is each wish, and ev'ry fear subsides——
'Tis Harcourt governs, and 'tis Hayter guides.

While She, whose worth all British hearts approve,
Describes th' unerring path to British love ;
And (for what thought can animate him more ?)
Bids the son be——what FREDERICK was before.

While GEORGE himself, with more than royal care,
Close to his breast receives the much-lov'd heir ;
Breaths thro' his kindling soul the martial flame,
And points the way to Virtue and to Fame.

By S. BRADBURY, Commoner of Wadham Coll.

WHen some lov'd friend to man in all his bloom
Sinks to the chambers of the silent tomb,
Thro' ev'ry breast infectious sorrow runs,
And Nature prompts the sigh in all her sons.
Lo ! FREDERICK falls,——Ev'n distant nations own
The general loss, and pour forth groan on groan.

What anguish then must sad Britannia know?
 How pine dejected with her weight of woe?
 With wonder she survey'd, and fond delight,
 His worth exalted to the noblest height :
 She saw his soul by generous Arts improv'd,
 Dress'd by each Grace, by ev'ry Muse belov'd,
 By Virtue's flame from Passion's dross refin'd,
 Humanely wise and amiably kind ;
 And dares with grateful warmth his truth attest,
 She priz'd, and weeps him most, and knew him best.

But oh ! what more than mortal splendors rise ?
 What heav'nly scenes to Fancy's ravish'd eyes
 (Sure, not illusive!) their gay charms display
 Beyond the solar sphere, and milky way ?
 I see thee, FREDERICK ! on a chrystal plain
 Receiv'd exulting by a radiant train ;
 Heroic souls ! who range the blest abode,
 The patrons of mankind, and sons of God.
 Thee most those worthies crown with just acclaim,
 Who toil'd successful for Britannia's fame.
 There Alfred chief, by every title great,
 Friend to the Muse, and father of the state.
 What starry glories round his temples shine !
 Not brighter rays invest the Brunswick line.
 But who that prince, in modest beauty fair,
 Whose laureat wreath adorns his flowing hair ?
 Britannia's pride, illustrious Edward's son,
 Like FREDERICK, form'd to dignify a throne :
 Alike their bosoms burn'd for honest fame,
 The same their merit, and their fate the same.
 Approaching, to the new congenial shade,
 Mild as in life, th' unbodied patriot said.

“ All

" All hail, my dear Britannia's latest boast !
 " All hail, triumphant on this blissful coast !
 " O early rapt from earth's tempestuous seas
 " To these calm regions of eternal peace !
 " What, tho' each milder glory was thy care,
 " Free from the noise and splendid guilt of war,
 " Where oft the chief declines from Nature's plan,
 " And 'mid the victor's pomp forgets the man ;
 " (As when, ah ! too successful, I restor'd
 " To Lusitania her tyrannic lord ;)
 " What tho' the plausive shouts of public fame,
 " A grateful nation's praise, embalm'd thy name ;---
 " What tho' heav'n deign'd each rapture to impart,
 " That warms the comfort's or the parent's heart ;
 " Blest with each joy, with ev'ry honour grac'd,
 " That worth can give, or virtue knows to taste :---
 " Yet wilt thou not at heav'n's decree repine,
 " Since all its bliss, its glories all are thine.
 " Fair Virtue's flow'rs, tho' nipt by envious Fate
 " On earth's cold soil they find too short a date,
 " Warm'd and expanded in this happier clime
 " Shall dread no more the wintry blasts of Time.

Scarce had he spoke, when in sublimest notes
 Thro' the glad air ethereal music floats ;
 And strait those bards appear, whose numbers flow'd
 Pure nor unworthy of th' inspiring God ;
 Who, while on earth, illum'd the patriot's fire,
 And bade the world attend their moral lyre ;
 Now oft, high-favour'd in the courts above,
 With choral hymns surround the throne of Jove.
 Pleas'd they exalt the song to FREDERICK's praise,
 And charm his bosom with immortal lays ;

Lays ! such as ne'er resounded on the streams
Of Meles, Mincio, or imperial Thames.

And could I sing like him, whose living bay
Bestrew'd the laureat hearse, where Lycid lay ;
Then would I teach my artful verse to flow
Sweet thro' the mazes of melodious woe,
Yet, tho' my humbler Muse in accents rude
Her glorious theme advent'rous has pursued,
Yet will my native land her zeal forgive,
That hopes beneath her FREDERICK's palms to live.

By HENRY FLOOD, Gent. Com. of Christ Church.

OWN it at last, presumptuous man,
It 'vails not to pursue
The course of Nature's mazy plan,
That still eludes your view.

Wherefore in one ill-fated hour
Were all our hopes betray'd?
Why was denied the healing pow'r,
When most we ask'd its aid?

O then, if ever, it behov'd,
When gracious FREDERICK gave
That head so honour'd and so lov'd
A victim to the grave.

'Twas then to heav'n a nation cried
With vows of zeal sincere;
'Twas then the good AUGUSTA sigh'd,
And pour'd the streaming tear.

In vain—for Virtue's self attends

Th' inevitable day,

The path of glory hither bends,

And here th' ignoble way.

Then Commerce wept in watry bed,

And clos'd her golden hand ;

Each Art reclin'd its drooping head,

Fair Science dropt her wand.

That wand, with which she erst could brave

The shocks of Time, and guide

With backward course the lazy wave

Of black oblivion's tide.

No more shall Cliefden's echoing glades

In FREDERICK's voice delight,

No more shall boast its spacious shades,

Its lawns and tow'ring height.

That height, which, like a monarch proud,

Commands each humbler plain,

Till mountains vanish to a cloud,

Or join the azure main.

By THO. PANTING, Scholar of Linc. Coll.

HASTE, Elegy, in all thy sad attire,

And paint the dictates of my forrowing heart ;

No Muse I ask my numbers to inspire,

He best can paint the grief who feels the smart.

Soft

Soft is the strain, that love and friendship draws
From generous bosoms torn by private woe,
But for the public friend, for England's cause,
In fuller tide the stream of grief shall flow.

Was he not generous as the golden sun,
Whose piercing eye this nether world surveys?
Where'er he rose, there Arts and Peace begun
To lift their heads, and feel his quick'ning rays.

In him the sailor found a port secure
From toil, penury, contempt and pain;
Sought with success old Ocean's hidden store,
And fetch'd new treasures from the neighb'ring main.

Born to defend and bless Britannia's isle,
He call'd forth every spring of joy and love;
Reviv'd her hopes, renew'd her pristine smile,
Nor strove in vain her commerce to improve.

Alas! obscur'd by a malignant cloud,
That rising star withdraws his chearful light;
Britain with bitter groan laments aloud
The short-liv'd blessing, ravish'd from her sight.

See Isis, hapless stream, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Raise in despair her melancholy wave,
While her pale sons desponding seek relief,
And strew their drooping laurels on his grave;

By

By ROB. LANE, Gent. Com. of Christ Church.

IT is not impious; and the streaming eye,
The heaving bosom, and these bursts of woe,
Offend not heav'n: avenging Deity!
We own it just, while we lament the blow.

When wing'd with ruin flies the fatal dart,
Launch'd from the red right hand of angry God,
These tears, these sighs, declare the humbled heart,
And not to grieve, were not to feel the rod.

Be it then ours the cypress grove to tread,
Where not a ray of light can pierce the gloom;
To walk the paths thick strewn with mould'ring dead
Where restless spectres nightly love to roam;

To seek all uncouth fights, that nourish woe,
To mix where-e'er the friends of sorrow are;
For Britain not a thought of peace can know,
But mourns her bow unbent, and shiver'd spear.

She mourns, but little can her grief avail:—
He needs the pitying sigh he wont to lend,
When his breast panted at the mournful tale,
And all the prince was soften'd in the friend.

For with him dwelt, what empire shall not buy,
Each softer Grace that polishes the mind;
Content of ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
And Peace of Heart, to ev'ry passion blind.

Nor

Nor rude of manlier science was his soul;
 For to his curious eye Pædia sage
 Bade Fame her mystic volume to unroll,
 And give up all the stores of hoary age.

And frequent flow'd the praises from his tongue
 On all of great or good was wrought of yore,
 Each chief that battled, and each bard that sung,
 For Freedom's sacred cause, or Virtue's lore.

Still wont the Muses' labours to admire,
 Who give to Merit the unfolding crown,
 While his breast kindling at the sacred fire
 Made ev'ry virtue he survey'd his own.

To Wisdom's eye each fix'd resolve of mind
 Is virtuous action. She the Nine among
 Bade wreath the crown his honour'd brows to bind,
 And to his future triumphs raise the song.

They sung him fraught with every virtuous seed
 That could the prince or father's bosom grace,
 Each nobler purpose ripening into deed
 They saw, and pour'd with joy the song of praise.

Their joy how short! no more the festive lyre
 They sweep, no more his arduous deeds relate,
 Faded their hopes, and damp'd their heav'nly fire:
 They mourn in notes of woe their FREDERICK's fate.

Behold them stretch'd all languid on the ground,
 Scatt'ring the rosy chaplet from their hair
 Amid the stream, and silent ev'ry sound
 That wont to flit upon the buxom air;

Save sad Melpomene's harmonious woe,
Teaching shrill Echo's voice with her to mourn,
She bids from heart-felt grief the numbers flow,
And wets with tears unfeign'd the hero's urn.

By GUSTAVUS GUY DICKENS, Student of
Christ Church.

Stranger, (for why should Britons wish to hear
What sad regret hath grav'd on every heart ?)
Attend. No private loss demands thy ear,
No vulgar prey of Death's all conqu'ring dart.

For him, low-bending o'er her widow'd bed,
The best of wives still pours her fruitless moan;
His children weep the tend'rest parent dead,
His fire the broken pillar of his throne.

Britannia mourns through all her wide domain;
With him her joy, with him her hope is fled;
Who ne'er unpity'd heard Desert complain;
Who through untrodden paths her Commerce led.

Thou too, whoe'er thou art, shalt join her woe,
And drive each partial passion from thy mind;
Thy pious tears may here uncensur'd flow,
For FREDERICK was a friend to human kind.

To the Right Hon. ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

By BEN. PYE, Civilian of New Coll.

WHILE round the throne distinguish'd poets throng,
 And pour in royal ears their favour'd song,
 Or in soft soothing lays their griefs impart
 To sad AUGUSTA's anguish-bleeding heart:
 Accept, my lord! the fearful Muse, who waits
 To hang the mournful cypress o'er your gates:
 Those gates, where once her laurel wreaths she hung,
 When the glad dome with Pope's sweet numbers rung.
 Blest bard! who thus from toilsome life withdrew,
 To dwell with Sense, Humanity, and You.
 But how shall this weak hand assay to touch
 A soul that thinks so high, and feels so much?
 Or in what sorrow-streaming lays define
 The manly tears, that spring from woes severe as thine?
 When Heav'n's dread voice the solemn mandate gave,
 That call'd the hopes of Britain to the grave,
 Each conscious heart in grief's sad conflict join'd,
 Each wept the bounteous prince, the patron kind;
 The firm protector, or the master dear,
 The gracious guardian, or the friend sincere.
 In him did Commerce and her sons deplore
 A prince deep-skill'd in each industrious lore,
 And thence, to future days of public gain
 Plan'd wide th' ambitious scheme,—but plan'd in vain.
 Nor yet unmark'd by his regardful eye
 Did life's calm virtues pass unheeded by;
 Still to his heart each private worth was known,
 For every private merit was his own.

And

And when he died, around his sacred urn
 Did every social Grace a generous patron mourn.
 But chief he trod well pleas'd the path humane,
 Where Love domestic leads her gentle train ;
 There with his filial tribe, and consort dear,
 He walk'd with heart-felt peace, and joy sincere,
 Pointing to future kings the glorious plan,
 Which forms the prince, by perfecting the man.
 Here, Bathurst speak, with what engaging art,
 Speak, for you knew, his converse won the heart.
 For You he oft forsook th' admiring croud,
 To join the chearful friend, and think aloud :
 Pleas'd to shake off the pain of pomp, and fly
 From solitary state to social joy.
 How would thy rapt'rous tongue with transport dwell
 On ev'ry manly thought, or mirthful tale,
 That blest'd the grave, or wing'd the festive hours,
 In Lei'ster's courtly dome, or Cliefden's happy bow'rs !
 Whether he reason'd high in thought elate
 On arts of peace or war's severe debate ;
 Which for fair Britain's fame would best avail,
 The waving standard, or the spreading sail :
 Or else with brow unbent, and winning look
 Of social blifs, and love domestic spoke ;
 While round his knees the royal infant clung,
 And pleas'd AUGUSTA's ear on each kind accent hung.
 But now, my lord ! Adieu the social hour,
 Clos'd is the scene,——AUGUSTA smiles no more.
 Sad, sacred, name ! by one afflictive blow
 Rais'd to a wretched eminence of woe.
 Look down in pity, gracious heav'n, and shed
 Your kindest comforts on her royal head ;

Great as her griefs her sure rewards prepare,
And count a heav'nly bliss for every gushing tear.
To you, my Lord, by privilege of woe
In sad descent these streams of sorrow flow.
For next to those, the softest ties of life,
The tender husband, and the loving wife,
The friend belov'd, and the companion dear
Feels the quick pang, and pours the sorrowing tear.
Ah! little did thy boding thought explore
The future horrors of this mournful hour,
When to majestic Oakley's honour'd shade,
Fit haunt for Gods! your princely guest you led.
There at his favour'd servant's genial board
With looks complacent sat the gracious lord,
While gazing crouds with pleas'd regard attend
On the kind master, and distinguish'd friend:
In vain alas! the mirthful bowl went round
To length of days with health and pleasure-crown'd.
Ev'n then perhaps pale Death his shaft prepar'd,
And envied joys by princes seldom shar'd.
Ev'n then from valiant Edward's sacred tomb
A boding sound pronounc'd his hast'ning doom;
And call'd him ling'ring from Britannia's throne,
To wear with him a more illustrious crown.
Yet still perhaps, tho' now he fix his seat
'Bove all th' ill-judging world pronounces great,
His noble heart with conscious sense may glow
Of virtuous friendships once maintain'd below;
Still to his soul his Bathurst may be dear,
In the blest character of friend sincere.
A name that angels hail, and saints adore,
When princes cease, and monarchs rule no more.

By DAN. LYSONS, B. A. of All-Souls Coll.

TO grief unbounded tune the Muses voice,
 In boundless grief if any Muse can sing;
 For which of all the Nine shall dare rejoice,
 Or 'midst a nation's groan attempt the string?

Yet Virtue's loss exacts th' applauding tongue,
 And all the wise, and all the good must mourn;
 Whilst Isis' sons shall join the weeping throng,
 And strew with choicest flow'rs their FREDERICK's urn.

For well we ween, that to the wise and good
 His gentle manners spoke him ever dear;
 In whom express'd each fair example stood
 Of public virtue, and domestic care.

Ah! where shall Hymen now among the great
 Point out the triumphs of his happy reign,
 The conjugal regard, th' unmixt delight,
 And every joy that decks his smiling train!

Or how may She, whose tender breast now thrill
 Distressing cares, restrain the mighty sigh,
 Whilst him she mourns, who sooth'd her ev'ry ill,
 And eas'd with love the load of dignity?

Nor shall his Royal Offspring e'er forget
 The fond paternal smile, th' enraptur'd kiss,
 Press'd on their glowing cheeks, the transport sweet,
 Whence flow'd the joys of private happiness.

Nor did Britannia want his kind relief,
Or was the patriot in the father lost;
Each Briton was his son, and ev'ry grief
His country felt still rack'd his bosom most.

What though the horrid noise and din of war
Ne'er echo'd to th' affrighted world his name,
Nor orphans cries, or widows shrieks from far
E'er register'd in blood his spotless fame;

Yet milder glories did his worth display,
The love of Arts, and Commerce' thriving race;
And sacred Learning's mind-enlight'ning ray,
That adds to ev'ry virtue ev'ry grace.

And hence he deign'd on Isis' tow'rs to cast
His fond regard, for well he knew what stores
Of learned chiefs, in this and ages past,
Had drawn their treasures from her fruitful source.

How oft along his Cliefden's steepy side,
In pensive meditation rapt he stray'd;
And ask'd old Thames, how flow'd his parent tide,
How bloom'd each flow'r upon her verdant mead!

And if he heard the dazy droop'd its head,
Or lilly ficken'd in the dark'ning vale;
That frosts untimely nipt the rising bud,
And threat'ning clouds breath'd out th' unwholsome gale;

How would he weary heav'n with pray'rs to yield
Its chearing aid, and ever far away
To drive th' impending storm; and o'er the field
In all its splendour pour the brightening day?

And

OXFORD VERSES.

77

And ev'ry pray'r was heard—and (if from hence
An earthly thought can reach thee) may'st thou still
Assist, blest'd shade, in Learning's just defense,
And guard these happy seats from ev'ry ill.

So shalt thou join upon the azure plain
Our own great Alfred, and our Edward's ghost,
Another guardian spirit; and sustain
With joy thy fav'rite charge, amid the shining host.

By CHA. JENKINSON, B. A. of Univ. Coll.

SAY, is he dead? that prince! who seem'd design'd
To bless, to govern, and protect mankind:
It must be true---such general sorrow reigns;
See o'er his urn each drooping Grace complains!
Ev'n Faction sleeps; while all agreed deplore,
And mourn a common parent now no more:
Words cannot vent their grief, oppress'd with sighs,
Tho' still their voice, yet eloquent their eyes.

Well may they weep; a flower so soon decay'd!
So much perfection blossom'd, but to fade!
Blest with each art to make his country blest,
Each royal virtue sanctify'd his breast;
There sprightly courage glow'd with martial fire,
Join'd to that calmness prudence can inspire;
Yet form'd for war with ev'ry manly grace,
He slighted glory for his country's peace;
His thirst of fame for Britain's sake restrain'd,
And o'er himself the truest conquest gain'd:
He chose in peace to shine—to either pole
See by his influence active commerce roll;

The British ships thro' ev'ry ocean sail,
And funds of wealth arrive with ev'ry gale.

In such unbounded streams his bounty flow'd,
All feel the loss, for all enjoy'd the good ;
Late on his smiles accusom'd to depend,
The learn'd a patron mourn, the poor a friend ;
And see the plaintive Muses how they moan,
See how in Britain's loss they weep their own !
And weeping tell, how all that's great and wise,
In the dark vault entomb'd with FREDERICK lies ;
How cold that breast, which noblest passions fir'd,
And still that voice, whose dictates all admir'd ;
Which e'en in death this fatal lesson gave,
" No height of virtue screens us from the grave.

And haste thee, Liberty, oh ! haste to mourn,
Join thy sad Britons weeping o'er his urn ;
For lo, in him thy great protector's flown,
A patriot prince, who made thy cause his own ;
Who scorn'd the wish that lawless empire craves,
Would rule o'er subjects, not o'er passive slaves ;
Harbour'd no thought a Roman might not boast,
And lov'd them best, who love fair Freedom most ;
To guard the weak, to grant th' oppress'd their due,
These were the sole prerogatives he knew ;
Scorn'd by base fear a sceptre to maintain,
Enthron'd in British hearts he chose by love to reign.

But what were earthly thrones with all their state,
With all their splendour to a soul thus great !
Fit for a crown, whence truer glories rise,
He stoop'd awhile to earth, then fought the skies ;
Then Albion left his absence to deplore,
He—who ne'er gave her cause of grief before.

Ah !

Ah! how we dreamt our joys could never cease,
 Nor Fortune's malice wound Britannia's peace.
 We hop'd each blessing of his father's reign
 To see renew'd in him, but hop'd in vain;
 Thought, he would rise when GEORGE his course had run,
 And prince succeed to prince, as sun to sun;
 But now our gaudy dreams of bliss are past,
 Our prospect darken'd, and our views o'ercastr.—
 —Yet see yon Prince restores the chearful ray;
 That royal bud, just op'ning to the day,
 Shall brightest glories in his bloom display.
 His infant sports betray'd a patriot's heart;
 And ev'n in play he chose a Cato's part.
 'Twas thus Alcides' prowess first was shewn,
 His future triumphs from his cradle known.
 Go on, blest youth, pursue the paths of Fame,
 And bear thy grandfire's virtues as his name;
 With princely arts by Harcourt's care endu'd,
 Learn from his breast to seek thy country's good;
 Britain shall then her wonted smiles renew,
 And think her FREDERICK lives again in You.

By SAM. GWINNETT, of All-Souls Coll. Chor.

NO more supine beneath the cooling shade
 To blithsome songs shall Colin tune his reed;
 No more shall ruddy milkmaids lightly bound
 In jocund dance o'er daisy-painted ground:
 FREDERICK, who lately shed his kindly rays
 On all our plains, and crown'd with joy our days,
 That promis'd endless circles of delight,
 Lo! veils his glories in eternal night.

Mourn,

Mourn, mourn, ye hapless swains, in lasting verse,
Ye tender virgins, deck with flow'rs his hearse.

But oh! what colours can describe, what art,
The cruel pangs that tore Britannia's heart!
Deep in a winding vale, with gloom o'erspread,
A grove of cypress rear'd its mournful head;
And from a neighb'ring rock a river sprung,
Which in hoarse murmurs rudely roll'd along.
Hither the Goddess came in pensive mood,
And with sad majesty mov'd slowly by the flood;
In sable clad; her tresses loosely bound,
And careless lay her laurels on the ground.
Now on the earth she fixt her awful eyes,
Now sighing cast them to the distant skies,
When plaintive thus: Ah! what malicious pow'r
Roam'd thro' the airy void!—in that curs'd hour
What blazing star destructive rag'd, and shed
Its baleful fires on FREDERICK's sacred head!——
Oh! may late times on this ill-fated day
Incessant mourn, nor light emit one ray.
Then may no chearful sounds enchant the plain,
Nor sportive Mirth exert her wanton reign:
But dismal groans die thro' the lonesome glade,
And the blue tapers mark the stalking shade.——
See! where the tyrant Death exulting flies,
Proud in the triumph of so rich a prize!——
But know, resistless Age shall thee disarm,
E'er equal worth shall sink beneneath thy arm.

She said: when lo! a sudden gleam of light
Shot thro' the dusky shade divinely bright!
And from an azure cloud a voice she heard,
Which thus her soul in soothing accents chear'd:

Let

Let smiling Joy resume its wonted feat,
 Nor rashly deprecate impartial fate;
 For heav'n to all doth proper lots assign,
 Nor at the just decree must man repine. —
 To nobler ends was his great soul design'd
 Than rule on earth. So wills th' eternal mind.
 He now in these blest regions free from woe,
 Or cares, or pains, which mortals feel below,
 Shall share the prize to virtuous actions giv'n,
 And taste unenvy'd all the joys of heav'n;
 Whilst his brave son the British arms shall wield,
 And lead his troops victorious to the field.
 Nor shall the conq'ror's meed, the laurel crown,
 In war alone declare his name's renown:
 The peaceful olive round his temples twin'd,
 Shall shew the hero born to bless mankind.
 Cherish'd by him shall Science raise her head,
 And the swell'd sails successful Commerce spread:
 Then shall each grateful Muse aloud proclaim,
 In the young chief the fire's immortal fame.

To the PRINCESS of WALES.

By STEPH. BECKINGHAM, Gent. Com. of Trinity Coll.

PRincess, adorn'd with ev'ry female praise,
 Accept true sorrow's unaffected lays;
 O deign t' accept the sentiment sincere,
 The voice of nature, and the genuine tear!
 Nor mark in me a mercenary muse,
 That with false flattery's strain thy favour sues:

Unlike

Unlike the pension'd panegyric band,
 That tune their faithless lyres with venal hand,
 I come not here to praise thee; but to sooth;
 Tho' void my verse of art, it flows from truth.
 By sorrow led, sad visitant, I come,
 My duteous griefs to sing on FREDERICK's tomb.
 Clos'd is that eye, whence kind compassion beam'd;
 Mute is that tongue, whence manly reason stream'd;
 Cold is that heart, where Virtue, banish'd name,
 Where British Virtue kept her vestal flame;
 Those hands are in the sable shroud confin'd,
 Whose overflowing bounties bless'd mankind.
 And lo! what awful forms, with pensive air,
 Around their godlike guardian's tomb repair!
 First walks Munificence, majestic maid,
 In stately vest of antique guise array'd;
 Next Faith appears with mournful mien and meek,
 Wetting with crystal drops her virgin cheek;
 Rending the laurels from her graceful head,
 Sad Poesy comes on with tragic tread.
 Each Pow'r, that best the head or heart can guide,
 Or o'er the graceful and the great preside,
 Advances, o'er the much-lov'd FREDERICK's tomb
 To strew the purple spring's most beauteous bloom.
 Meantime, majestic mourner, cease to grieve,
 O hear the comforts that the Muse can give!
 O look on thine Ascanius! royal heir!
 Of Albion's eager hope the blossom fair!
 Oh think that he remains!—and brave and wise
 One day to fill the British throne may rise:
 May rise his grandfire's kingdom to command,
 And Britain's scepter grasp with FREDERICK's hand!

By PHIL. RASHLEIGH, Gent. Com. of New Coll.

I.

What time the fields bedight with gold were seen,
 Cliefden ! well-pleas'd I trod thy beauteous brow,
 Mark'd thy green slope, thy trees and meadows green,
 And glitt'ring Thames in silver veins below.
 Came drear December, clad in wintry snow :
 Bare were thy trees, thy flow'ry meads unseen ;
 Impetuous Thames had giv'n his urn to flow,
 And rest each glory of thy rural scene.
 Emblem too sad of change and baleful stowre,
 Full sore to rend thy honour'd lady's breast !
 Sunk is her sun, that cheer'd each golden hour,
 And mute the tongue that charm'd her cares to rest.
 Her love, her joy, her life's best treasure gone ;
 Sure woe succeeds and piteous plaintive moan !

II.

Ah me ! that tend'rest minds should thus be torn,
 Too soft to act the rough heroic part ?
 Why heaves with sighs that gentle breast forlorn ?
 The gentlest breast that e'er felt Sorrow's dart !
 O grief ! O wound to ev'ry virtuous heart !
 Where shall the fair imperial mourner turn ?
 With what soft balm allay the fest'ring smart,
 New to the conflict, and untaught to mourn ?
 Say, shall the Muse with lenient strains relieve ?
 All vain, I ween, the Muses lenient pow'r ;
 If heav'n support not, hopeless must she grieve :
 O heav'n ! support her in this dreary hour ;
 Angels ! in gentlest whispers sooth her ear,
 Tell, that from heav'n you came, and her own
 FREDERICK's there !

By ROWLAND BERKELEY, Gent. Commoner
of New-Coll.

FArewell! blest shade; nor scorn the mournful lay,
The Muses bring to grace thy honour'd clay.
Who grieve in numbers, yet may grieve sincere;
Or trust our tears—for flattery dwells not there:
Tears, which true love and heart-felt anguish shed;
The last, best honours of th' illustrious dead:
Tears, such as drop'd from Roman eyes before,
When Titus fell, and Virtue was no more.

O! form'd our hopes to warm, our hearts engage,
The well lov'd Titus of an impious age;
Like him, the bounty of thy princely mind
Chear'd ev'ry want, and took in all thy kind;
Like him—the lover and delight of man——
Ah! too like his, thy life's contracted span.
Each shewn to mortals by th' all-ruling fire,
Lights of a day, to shine and to expire.

Yet him (tho' sunk in deep despair of woe,
Rome thro' each trembling province felt the blow)
No infants mourn'd; no wife surviv'd to see
A widow'd bed and orphan progeny;
No good Vespasian view'd the funeral blaze,
Beat his hoar head, and curs'd his ling'ring days:
Here ev'ry grief is seen compriz'd in one,
Wife, children, father weep their FREDERICK gone:
To Britain thence the tear infectious flows,
And spreads from her to strangers and to foes.

Yes.—While the tale flies o'er her subject seas,
See the wide world lament the friend of peace;

Proud

Proud to forego, for the good patriot's name,
 War's savage joys, and conquest's impious fame :
 Let such vain triumphs grace the Flavian line —
 To bless mankind, the nobler praise, was thine.
 Thy gentle virtue never lost a day ;
 No cloud of guilt o'ercast thy parting ray ;
 Nor mix'd remorse with thy expiring groan :
 The Roman knew a crime, the Briton none.

By JAMES GYLES, B. A. Student of Ch. Ch.

Help, mournful Muse, my plaintive verse inspire,
 And gently sweep the sadly-pleasing lyre.
 Britannia's friend demands a tender tear,
 And grateful off'ring of the sigh sincere.
 Unhappy isle, thy fav'rite hopes are fled,
 The prince, the patriot, and the father dead.
 Hail, sacred shade ! this mournful verse receive,
 The last sad tribute that the Muse can give.
 'Tis hers the good man's monument to raise,
 No flatt'rer she, no prostitute to praise.
 But hold——Tho' Fate hath bid the son expire,
 Still full of days and glory lives the fire.
 Long may he live——fair Albion's rights maintain,
 And future annals tell the glorious reign.
 Form'd by his pattern, FREDERICK's royal line,
 In each paternal virtue taught to shine,
 With mildest sway shall Britain's throne adorn,
 And be rever'd by subjects yet unborn.

H

By

By ENOCH MARKHAM, Student of Ch. Ch.

I.

STAY, gentle Isis, stay thy silver tide,
While I my lay to doleful tenor turn;
With murmur'ing pleasance now forbear to glide,
And let me teach thy wanton wave to mourn.
Forbear, sweet breeze, to curl adown the stream,
While the sad Muse pursues her plaintive theme.

II.

Ye feather'd messengers of grateful spring,
Let awful silence sit on ev'ry bough,
With warbling melody forbear to sing,
For joyous note would ill behove ye now.
Let gloomy sadness veil the blooming pride
Of varied mead, and ev'ry flowret hide.

III.

Whilom the Muses in beseeming verse
On Isis' banks pip'd their sweet roundelays,
And swains were wont their numbers to rehearse,
And distant hills return'd their fav'rite's praise;
But now, forsaken river, now no more
The heav'nly sisters shall frequent your shore.

IV.

Where, mournful maidens, shall the poet find
Sweet images to charm the list'ning throng?
Where are the qualities of noble mind,
That erst gave matter to the grateful song?
The patriot's zeal,—the parent's tender care,
And husband's fondness no distinction wear.

Ah

V.

Ah me! how fleeting are a mortal's joys?
 E'er the full blossom of our comfort's blown,
 Too hasty Fate with secret hand destroys,
 And FREDERICK and all our hopes are gone.
 Help, tragic Muse, assist me to devise
 Notes sad enough to wail our miseries.

VI.

Who shall direct you now, ye chearless swains,
 Himself the foremost to lead on the way?
 Or rules of sapience teach in tempting strains,
 Himself the great example of his lay?
 Who now shall nurse with care the worthy scheme
 Of liberty, fair Albion's darling theme?

VII.

Ye Nymphs, who now shall teach the roving spouse
 Firm truth, and sweetest durancy of love?
 Or in whose name shall lovers tell their vows,
 And swear, like his their plighted faith shall prove?
 Like his, whose hapless and untimely fate
 Forlorn AUGUSTA mourns in widow'd state.

VIII.

Ill would it thee betide, unhappy isle,
 And greater still would be the cause to moan,
 Should heav'n again withhold her gracious smile,
 And royal GEORGE forsake the peaceful throne;
 Then saddest plaint would reach the farthest shore,
 And gladsome carol ne'er be chaunted more.

IX.

But tho' our hopes are fled, nor joy of aught
 To the distemper'd soul sweet solace brings,
 Yet let the Muse indulge the pleasing thought,
 That FREDERICK shall yield a race of kings
 Himself tho' dead——his worth may still survive,
 The fire remembred in the son may live.

By SAM. BISHOP, Coll. D. J. Bapt. Schol.

WHILE, urg'd by pious grief, to mourn
 Around their FREDERICK's sacred urn
 Britannia's grateful sons attend;
 While Goodness weeps her choicest boast,
 While Art laments a patron lost,
 And all mankind an ardent friend;

With bolder flight my daring Muse
 To heav'nly seats the prince pursues,
 Seats brighter than his father's throne;
 Where only his exalted mind
 Can true, unfully'd glory find,
 Or virtue equal to be shown,

There happy! lovely! great! divine!
 She sees the royal hero shine,
 Freed from incumb'ring earth's restraint;
 And careless of the world below,
 Regardless of her country's woe,
 Forgets the patriot in the saint.

Else

Else must her voice in tears be drown'd,
 Her alter'd lyre convert its sound
 To notes of sorrow, and despair;
 That voice which pour'd the melting song,
 That lyre which charm'd the list'ning throng,
 When fav'ring FREDERICK deign'd to hear.

Yet, should the Muse indulge her grief,
 Should she, obdurate, scorn relief,
 And breath th' eternal pensive sigh;
 'Twould touch the pitying hero's breast,
 'Twould make his glorious change less blest,
 And heav'n itself less full of joy.

For sure the gentle, generous heart,
 That sympathiz'd with ev'ry smart,
 That bled for ev'ry neighb'ring woe,
 (Tho' now from passion free, and pain)
 Must still that tender sense retain,
 Which dignify'd the man below.

By STANLEY BURROUGH, B. A. Taberdar of
 Queen's College.

AH whither does the pleasing vision fly!
 The cheering scene, the beauteous prospect where!
 How chang'd each object meets the aching eye!
 What barren wastes on every side appear!

Where now the opening bud, the rising shoot,
 And swelling bosom of the fertile plain,
 Which promis'd summer's shade or autumn's fruit,
 Delight or profit to the longing swain!

Vain hopes of future joys ! extinguish'd all !
 All shrunk to dust, or chang'd to barren sand !
 O'er all the plains envenom'd mildews fall,
 And th' envious blight extends its sable band.

Whence now, my wretched sons, the kind supply !
 Our present store ere distant harvest spent !
 Distracting thought, o'ercharg'd with misery,
 Death to each smiling joy and calm content !

So plain'd Britannia at the frightful sound
 Of FREDERICK's death awaking, as reclin'd
 Beneath the shade, in sleep securely drown'd,
 She dreamt of joys for ages yet behind.

And well, distress'd Britannia, may'st thou mourn,
 All grief's too poor to suit th' heart-rending theme ;
 Since all thy hopes are lost in FREDERICK's urn,
 And all thy promis'd joys but prove a dream.

By JOHN WHETHAM, Fellow-Commoner of
 Trinity Coll.

I.

O For the warblings of the Doric oate,
 That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide ;
 Or for the mournful Muse, whose varying note
 Chaunted how dear the laurell'd Sydney dy'd :
 Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
 And with due cypress-wreath thy herse, O FREDERICK,
 hung !

But

OXFORD VERSES.

91

II.

But tho' my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the tuneful reed, my voice unskill'd
The graceful words of poësy to speak;
Tho' rude the cadence of my wood-notes wild;
Yet shall not tend'rest Duty bid me tell,
How great, how just, how good, the matchless FREDERICK
fell?

III.

How well he knew to leave the loftier scene,
To throw the pomp of purple state aside,
Led by calm thought to bow'rs of eglantine,
And high-arch'd walks on Thames's sacred side;
To loose himself in landshapes lone and still,
Where Contemplation sate on Cliefden's beech-clad hill?

IV.

How lock'd in pure-ey'd Concord's golden band,
With his bless'd bride, thro' Wedlock's hallow'd ways
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays;
How in each science most sublime he shone,
And crop'd the fairest flow'rs of silver Helicon?

V.

How to sweet Poësy, all-bounteous lord,
He never barr'd his princely palace-gate,
But bade his Thomson share the regal-board,
With classic converse seas'ning empty state?
Hence felt th' exulting bard a mighty rage,
With bolder buskin hence he dar'd to tread the stage;

By

By ROB. LOWTH, M. A. of New College,
Professor of Poetry.

ENOUGH of fruitless plaint, and sorrows vain.
If yet the tuneful verse, and heav'nly strain,
Could Nature's course, and Fate's strong purpose stay,
And give new spirit to the lifeless clay,
The Muse, well-skill'd in every charm of sound,
Had drawn thy list'ning oaks in crouds around,
Thy streams, O Isis, had forgot to flow,
And her sweet song had bent the pow'rs below.

But still 'tis her's, nor fabulous the claim,
To crown with deathless praise the Hero's name ;
To trace each feature of the godlike mind,
Friend to the world, and fav'rite of mankind ;
Prompt to relieve and to prevent distress,
Who felt no greater blessing than to bless :
Patron of arts ; who bade Britannia spread
More wide her sails, and Commerce lift her head :
And still more bright within the narrower line,
Blest shade, thy pure domestic praise shall shine,
Where to a point in mingled lustre ran
The rays of husband, father, friend, and man.
The verse shall live : and thro' the length of time
Reach ev'ry future age, and distant clime ;
The fair example other realms adorn,
And warm to virtue princes yet unborn :
Hence tears undue from foreign eyes shall flow ;
Hence kindred hearts shall learn to sooth their woe :
The fire's great soul, in each hard moment try'd,
Shall yield to heav'n, and say, " I'm satisfy'd :"

The

The brother's voice the just applause shall join ;
 " Such was my FREDERICK's praise, and such be mine."
 This ev'n AUGUSTA shall sustain to hear,
 And mix with tender joy the silent tear :
 While the dear objects of her cares around
 Shall pant, exult, and tremble at the sound ;
 The sacred name their eager thoughts shall raise,
 And fire each little breast to reach his father's praise.

But thou, young prince, whom kinder fates approve,
 Whom GEORGE embraces with a father's love,
 Britain's chief care ; since heav'n's severe decree
 Has fix'd too soon our second hopes on thee ;
 Be thou the first to catch the generous fire ;
 Assert thyself, and give us back thy fire :
 With sacred arts intent to store thy breast,
 To bid thy Britain, and the world be blest ;
 Studious by great, by gracious acts, to move
 Their loud acclaim, but more to win their love.
 And know, that monarchs were by heav'n design'd
 The guardians and the parents of mankind :
 Victims of pow'r devoted to the throne,
 To make the cares of multitudes their own :
 Lost to themselves ; to private joy, and ease,
 The hopes, the fears, the very griefs that please ;
 By others wants, and others woes oppress'd :
 But in the public good supremely blest.
 Be this thine aim : nor think true greatness lies
 In regal pomp, the gaze of vulgar eyes,
 The cumbrous trappings of imperial state :
 Be wise, be just, be good, and thou art great.
 But far, far banish'd from thy young desires
 Be conquest's charms, and fierce ambition's fires,

The

The rage of wanton pow'r, and lawless sway !
Hear thou the Muse, for truth inspires her lay.

Nature, emerging from the flood, began
To spread o'er earth a second race of man :
With equal steps advancing, Human Pride
Rais'd unappall'd her head, and heav'n defy'd.
Th' almighty saw, displeas'd : and to pursue
With well-weigh'd vengeance the presumptuous crew,
Against themselves he turn'd their impious rage,
And bade Ambition wast the rising age.
From deepest hell uprose th' aspiring fiend ;
Havock and Spoil her horrid steps attend ;
Dire Lust of war puff'd up with noisy fame,
Low-minded Fraud, and proud Oppression came :
Last, but most hateful of th' infernal train,
Foul Slavery crouch'd, and patient drag'd her chain.

To rouse the lion in the hardy chase,
To quell the tyger's wide-destroying race,
Had been the hero's task ; the sylvan spoil
Adorn'd his triumph, and repay'd his toil.
Now dire Ambition urg'd his eager mind
On nobler game, the chace of human-kind.
Forth from his wilds, and from the savage prey,
A fiercer monster, Nimrod took his way :
The furious hunter, great in lawless might,
Led his rude bands to rapine, rage, and fight :
Aw'd with new fears, before his wasting sword
The nations trembled, and confess'd their lord.
Then rose, 'mid streams of blood and hills of slain,
The first proud Babel of tyrannic reign.

Yet Pride, unquell'd, her bold assaults renew'd :
Vengeance as oft the daring crime pursu'd ;

As

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Such

As oft Ambition wav'd her flaming rod :
Some chief went forth, the dreadful scourge of God.
If storms unequal to the guilt were found ;
If dearth in vain had breath'd destruction round,
Earth whelm'd whole cities in her bursting womb,
Plague swept whole nations to the crowded tomb,
Nor yet proud man obey'd : th' Almighty Sire
Then bar'd his arm, and rising in his ire,
Aim'd high the blow : but dropping from his hand
His own red lightning and three-forked brand,
To Philip's son, or Cæsar's sword, consign'd
The task, more sharply to chastise mankind ;
Rous'd dire Mohammed's fierce fanatic rage ;
Loos'd the mad Swede to lash an impious age ;
Bade some wild Hunn their boasted arts confound,
Or some vain Louis vex the nations round :
Who still, returning from th' ensanguin'd plain,
With carnage gor'd, and reeking from the slain,
Found conscript slaves the trophy'd arch to raise,
Crowds to admire, and venal bards to praise.

Let no such frantic thirst thy soul enflame
Of hateful glory, and of guilty fame.
Britain from thee no such mean triumphs craves :
Britain disdains a subject world of slaves.
To make the welfare of mankind her care ;
To conquer but to serve, redress, and spare ;
Right, public faith, and commerce to maintain,
Join distant lands, and open all the main ;
Science to spread ; to cherish arts of peace ;
To bind in one free state all human race ;
To curb th' oppressor, and th' oppress'd to raise :
Such Britain's boast, and such her monarch's praise.

With

With conscious pride the Nine approach the throne,
Resound his praises, and advance their own.

Nor thou, young prince, the sacred choir disdain:
Wisdom brings up, tho' Pleasure leads the train.
With gentlest hand the Muse shall form thy youth,
Bid Science smile, and smooth the brows of Truth;
Point the rough way to Virtue's steep abode,
Make plain th' ascent, and strew with flow'rs the road.
In her bright mirror to thy wond'ring eyes
Shall mystic forms, and pleasing shadows rise:
There shalt thou fair, and just, and good descry;
What to pursue shalt learn, and what to fly;
How Passions torture and debase the mind;
How Virtue blesses and exalts mankind;
See her confest in native beauty shine,
And in thy life transcribe the fair design.
Then shall the Muse record thine honour'd name,
And crown those virtues, she inspir'd, with fame.
Nor scorn her aid, nor thou thy smile refuse:
The Muse shall grace thy reign;—do thou protect
the Muse.



CAMBRIDGE VERSES.



To the KING.

By GEORGE BLOUNT, Fellow-Commoner of
St. John's Coll.

BY holy ties to Majesty allied,
To aid her glories, or her cares divide,
The much-lov'd Granta, in her faithful lay,
Of GEORGE's fortunes shares the fated day. [flame,
'Twas now, from FREDERICK's soul she caught the
Enrich'd her hundred arts with FREDERICK's name,
Or plan'd the rising honours of his days
In the fair lesson of his father's praise:
And now, dejected bends beneath the throne,
To speak a father's feelings—and her own.

Ill-fated prince! quick rose the solemn shrine:
Nor future days, nor rising honours thine,
And pale Britannia in one sad decree,
Lost all she lov'd—and all she hop'd, in thee.

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Oh! greatly form'd for empire's better part,
 To shape the manners, and inform the heart;
 To bid example raise the moral high,
 And lay the useless storms of terror by:
 To warm each virtue with the kindlier ray,
 And the soft sun-shine of domestic day!
 Peace to thy princely shade——and on thy stone
 Let this sad, faithful, gen'rous verse be known:
 BRITAIN NE'ER FELT A SORROW SO SINCERE,
 OR DROPT A TRUER OR MORE GEN'RAL TEAR.

By PHILLIP BENNETT, M. A. Fellow of
 Magdalen College.

I.

WEEP, weep the verse! no more the Muse inspires;
 Adieu her raptures! and farewell her fires!
 The Muses weep——with tear-swol'n eyes,
 Mourning Death's royal sacrifice,
 In concert sad, around
 They tread the hallow'd ground,
 Where king's are buried, and where king's are crown'd.

II.

There in woe's sable shade deep-veil'd, in vain
 Poets or court, or hope, access to gain;
 Fruitless, as joyless we invoke;
 The Muses feel like us the stroke!
 Intrude not (say they) on
 This hallow'd ground, begone,
 We've heart-felt griefs and sorrows of our own.

III.

O pompous house of Death! whose many a shrine
Weeps human nature soaring to divine;

Why bursts the vault? why gapes the tomb?

To heaven FREDERICK'S second womb!

There to Death's royal throne

Could not the Muse make known,

A nation's tears would deluge with her own.

IV.

Imperial house of Death! thy Genii weep

Royal mortality intomb'd to keep;

O could they triumph over Death,

And joyful give a FREDERICK breath!

Thro' ages had he shin'd,

The darling of mankind,

By nature for Britannia's bliss design'd.

V.

But, O ye Muses, O ye Genii, spare

To dwell in tombs with Britain's sad-lost heir;

Heav'n's claim we never can deny,

Equal to me or royalty!

Death's resistless art

Wings th' envenom'd dart

Deep in a prince's as a peasant's heart.

VI.

Come then, ye Muses, come from FREDERICK'S shrine;

Come, seek Apollo; teach us to divine;

Smile, shew the acts which Fame's proud verse

Shall of her rising GEORGE rehearse:

The grandfire's full-blown name,

The father's fair-bloom'd fame,

Will kindle Virtue's heav'n-aspiring flame.

VII.

As, when a branch is lopp'd, the English oak
Not trembles, but yet groans at ev'ry stroke ;
Deep-rooted sov'reign tree ! it weeps
Its loss, but majesty still keeps :

So Britain's monarch wears
A majesty in tears,
Mov'd tho' the parent, all the king appears.

VIII.

O sooth, Britannia, sooth his anguish'd mind ;
The private heart-throbs to recluse confin'd :
Bare, O bare thy bleeding heart,
Social Grief's soft balm impart !

In FREDERICK'S GEORGE we'll find
A king to bless mankind ;
'Twas GEORGE'S plan embeam'd on FREDERICK'S mind.

IX.

As the pale poplar, which the lofty pine
With social shoots was kindly wont to join ;
The pine from her embraces torn,
Widow'd beholds a scene forlorn :

So fair AUGUSTA'S mind,
For social bliss design'd,
Weeps, Solitude, thy dreary waste now left behind.

X.

As the time-daring cedar lofty rears
Her head immortal ; knows no self-felt fears ;
Yet in her kindred cypress grove
When falls the tree, she weeps with love :

So England's cedar bow'd,
(A nation's heart was mov'd)
When the tall cypress fell thro' all the grove below'd.

Com-

XI.

Commerce I heard in London's royal burse
 To her pale patrons the sad tale rehearse;
 Nor sea's swell'd rage, nor wind's wild roar,
 Nor triumphs of the rock-girt shore,
 Did ever there display
 Such heart-deep-sunk dismay; [away.
 In FREDERICK's fleets, trade, hope itself, seem'd swept

XII.

On Cam and Isis Fame's deep murmurs roll'd;
 Science all-trembling heard the tale unfold;
 Dejection bow'd the hoary head;
 Joy from the jocund bosom fled;
 Arts sicken'd; Nature beat
 To silent Woe's retreat;
 The Graces and the Muses left their best-lov'd seat;

XIII.

Tragic Melpomene slow-pac'd her sister led
 Calliope, immortalizing Virtue fled;
 Hark! Polymnia's chaunts engage!
 Clio's History's fair page
 Makes sweet Thalia mute;
 Nor breaths Euterpe's flute;
 Unstrung, Terpsichore, is thy golden lute.

XIV.

And yet our bards their feeble strength essay;
 Labour Grief's tribute uninspir'd to pay;
 Tho' vain invok'd each Muse's name,
 They own, fair Gratitude, thy claim,
 The debt to FREDERICK's shrine;
 To GEORGE the tow'ring pine;
 And to thee, GEORGE, the oak erst held divine;

By T. PAGET, M. A. Fellow of King's Coll.

HOW shall the weeping Muse in artless lays
 Describe fair Albion's grief, or FREDERICK's praise?
 How shall the Muse in pensive numbers tell,
 How Albion lov'd, how he untimely fell?
 As some fair flow'r of beauteous May the pride,
 With richest tints in Iris' colours dy'd,
 Pluck'd by rude hands its vivid glow resigns,
 And languid on its parent earth reclines;
 Such, Britain, was thy hapless Prince's fate,
 Mature and deck'd with all the pomp of state;
 Who soon, too soon alas! resign'd his breath,
 Smote by the rude, the iron hand of Death.
 Alike imperious Death extends his reign,
 O'er scepter'd monarchs, or the humbler swain;
 He makes the mighty bend, the proud obey,
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they;
 His potent arm bids Kings their crowns resign,
 And purpled majesty to dust incline;
 Beneath his hand all sons of earth decay,
 As vapours dying at the morning ray.
 But Virtue, daughter of the radiant sky,
 Rises sublime above mortality;
 Fresh, in eternal bloom, the heavenly maid
 Shines bright, in never-fading youth array'd,
 Securely bids the virtuous and the brave,
 Despise the short-liv'd triumphs of the grave.

By

By WILLIAM HIRST, B. A. of St. Peter's Coll.

NOT to condemn what heav'n's behest decreed,
Sorrowing I mix the plaintive choir among;
And catch adventurous the oaten reed,
To sooth my piteous plight in Doric song.

The heart with deadly melancholy fraught,
Attempts in vain the balm of peace to find;
Till each crude anguish ripens into thought,
And strong expression frees the teeming mind.

The artless murmurs of sincere distress,
If right I deem, not unmelodious flow,
Nor lays less rough than Attic tongues express:
Nature joins elegance to heart-felt woe.

I've dirges read, the meed of hapless swains,
Of Orpheus, mournful bard! who erst could move
The stubborn breast of Dis; such were the strains!
Such was the force of constant woe and love!

Darkling sad Philomel is heard to mourn,
And sweetly modulate each swelling note;
She pours her soul in song, all as a thorn
Softens the music of her bleeding throat.

Ah wretched swain! ah me I vainly dream!
Not mine is Philomel's, or Orpheus' skill;
Ill suits the richly-decorated theme
Discordant oaten straw, or shepherd's quill.

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The lowly Muse not soars for lofty phrase,
Nor rashly dares sublimer strains rehearse ;
Ah could she hope to build immortal praise !
Then FREDERICK, subject meet, should grace her verse :

Thee, FREDERICK, thee the sympathizing streams,
Fountains, and trick'ling rills, and rapid floods ;
Thee Cam, thee Isis, thee meand'ring Thames
Lament, re-murmuring to the murmuring woods.

To Ocean they convey the grief-steep'd theme,
'Tis FREDERICK demands their ev'ry tear ;
The sun-parch'd meads, deny'd the wonted stream,
No more the gayly-tinctur'd robe shall wear.

Ye conscious flow'rs, erst passing fair, recline
Your wither'd heads, primrose, or vi'let blue,
Or amaranthus, or pale jessamine,
Or tulip streak'd with many a varied hue :

No more shall primrose sweet, or vi'let blue,
Or tulip gay, or amaranthus bloom,
Save where with cypress, where with pious yew,
Proud they aspire to deck our FREDERICK's tomb ;

Great advocate of fair Astræa's cause,
Of science, trade, and peaceful arts the friend !
What tho' nor din of popular applause,
Nor Pæans loud for thee the concave rend ;

A nobler praise was thine, Ambition's flood
To stem, while others trod the path of Fame ;
In thee shone ev'ry grace, and ev'ry good,
The husband, father, friend, and patriot flame.

But

CAMBRIDGE VERSES. 105

But Death nor spares the virtuous, nor the brave ;
 He early bade Marcellus meet his doom ,
 Alike the fatal summons of the grave
 Awaits the hope of Albion, as of Rome.

So heav'n ordains——but if Marcellus dead
 Each Roman cheek with many a tear bedews ;
 Well may Britannia droop her aching head,
 For oh ! 'tis her's a FREDERICK to lose.

By ROB. RICHARDSON, B. A. of Emmanuel Coll.

DOes then so soon all human glory fade ?
 The stream of life so stain'd with sorrow flow ?
 And, 'midst the verdure of the olive shade,
 The baleful cypress circle GEORGE's brow ?

Such the suggestions of distemper'd care ;
 From balmy sleep, from tears I sought relief :
 No sleep refreshing came, nor soft'ning tear,
 The vulgar solace of a mod'rate grief :

To my weak limbs 'till wearied nature brought
 Of broken slumbers the uncertain aid ;
 Then mimic fancy took the place of thought,
 And FREDERICK's loss with lengthen'd care survey'd.

Urg'd on by anguish, o'er each sacred grave
 Of princes snatch'd from empire now I rove ;
 Where William safe from the inconstant wave,
 Or Henry happy in his father's love,

Or

106 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

Or Arthur ravish'd from the bridal bed,
And later Henry still lamented, rest ;
Some sad idea, from each hallow'd dead,
Crowds with fresh woe, and fills my lab'ring breast,

Still eager of the fruit that sorrow yields,
On fancy's pinions born, I wing my way,
Far to that western isle, whose corn-clad fields
Rise in the midst, and * Sceafull's heighth display.

Three lofty empires, sunk in deep despair,
Thence views Britannia ; all her wide domain :
No thought of empire now relieves her care,
Scenes of past glory but augment her pain.

" Unhappy realms" ; with salt'ring speech she said,
" E'er while the foremost in the list of fame,
" Soon is your joy, and boasted beauty fled,
" Which only stay'd secure on FREDERICK's name.

" The kneeling priest now weeps before his God ;
" Speaks the mute senate in heart-heaving sighs ;
" The virgins faint with grief's oppressive load ;
" And trembling infants join ill-boding cries.

" And well his death such genuine sorrow brings,
" Wide as the reach of his exalted mind ;
" Who like an angel spread his healing wings,
" A sacred refuge to protect mankind.

" Never

* A mountain in the Isle of Man, from whence
England, Scotland, and Ireland may be seen on a clear
day.

CAMBRIDGE VERSES. 107

- " Never did sickness pine, or want complain,
" But, prompt to save, he stretch'd his lenient hand;
" Indulgent patron of Art's busy train;
" Friend to fair Science, and her honour'd band.
- " Midst the mild blessings of domestic joy,
" In ev'ry part with equal grace he shone:
" When public safety was his grand employ,
" His, and a people's welfare were but one.
- " Such merit early spurn'd ignoble clay:
" See! Edward, like in virtue and in fate,
" Hails him the foremost in the realms of day
" Of those bless'd saints, who guard the British state.
- " Cease then, my sons, your fruitless grief forbear:
" Tune ev'ry note to GEORGE's sacred name;
" BRUNSWICK's bright race shall own his royal care,
" And greatly emulate their Father's fame,"

By THOMAS NEVILLE, M. A. Fellow of
Jesus College.

A Way, fantastic Joys of human race,
Low Cares of gold and grandeur, pow'r and place:
Whether with titles, strings, ye win the vain,
Or strike the giddy with your tinsel train,
Or in some Ammon, panting for a name,
Rouze all the fierceness of Ambition's flame!
Can ye, weak triflers, when the freezing blood
No more thro' purpled channels pours its flood,
Deck

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Deck with its velvet veil of damask dye
The lip, or lend new lustre to the eye,
Or thro' th' entangled texture of the brain
Call one idea to its seat again?

Thoughts dark as these o'ercast my clouded mind,
As near the place, where FREDERICK lay enshrin'd,
I fate, and wept : when sudden to my sight
Fair Virtue, all in robe of waving white,
Burst forth : no lively look, no graceful glance,
Brighten'd her features : lost in pensive trance
Long o'er the tomb she paus'd ; then with a sigh
Roll'd the full orb of her majestic eye,
And starting from her dream,—such pangs, she cry'd,
Shot thro' my heart when laurell'd Edward dy'd ;
Or when with flow'rs the grassy turf I dress'd,
Which spread its verdure o'er my Henry's breast.
Yet, of the chosen few I gave to share
From earliest times my tutelary care,
None in the dawn of op'ning youth disclos'd
Manners more mild, affections more compos'd,
Than Thou, lamented shade !—as Reason taught
Her first faint light to glimmer on thy thought,
Pleas'd I observ'd each beam of merit break,
Ere o'er the glossy vermil of thy cheek
Crept the slow-springing down : I call'd thee mine ;
And for thy brows oft wreath'd the regal twine,
Rapt with fond hopes to see thee on thy race
Reflect each manly art, imperial grace,
Which soften'd in Augustus lawless sway,
And round Aurelius cast each milder ray.

How chang'd, how sad the scene ! what poet now
Shall with the warmth of bright conception glow ,

Or

Or who, quick-glancing on the mental store,
 In the just sketch the moral beauty pour ?
 O Thou, in whom Love breath'd his purest fire,
 And touch'd with ev'ry tender, chaste desire,
 What didst Thou feel, fair Mourner ! in thy heart
 Relentless Sorrow fix'd her keenest dart :
 Else whence that languid posture of despair,
 That sigh, and musing melancholy air,
 That sudden start, wild shriek, as Death's cold hand
 Loos'd the well-woven tye of Hymen's band ?
 GEORGE wept : while Britain's guardian Genius near
 Pond'ring reclin'd his head, then drop'd a tear.

Ye tyrants, chiefs ! in arms who madly shone,
 Or who in gloomy grandeur fill'd a throne,
 See all your glories, triumphs vanish'd ! vain
 The trophy'd arch, wrought marble, gorgeous fane :
 The column, down whose sides your deeds enroll'd
 Blaz'd in effulgent lines of letter'd gold,
 Sinks in the dust : in vain the crumbling ore
 A crouded list of conquer'd countries bore.
 Fools ! who on pow'r's polluted base could raise
 Vile mould'ring monuments of venal praise :
 Unless I dignify each action, Fame
 Wafts but an empty bubble of a name. [light,

O ! could'st thou, FREDERICK, spring once more to
 And dart thro' dim futurity thy fight,
 And see each excellence, which once was thine,
 Diffusing all its radiance thro' thy line :
 When Science, at some GEORGE's mild command,
 Shall show'r her Attic nectar o'er the land ;
 Religion to all minds her fires dispense,
 And warm to noblest deeds the social sense ;

Commerce exulting soar with wings display'd,
While the broad main grows black beneath her shade.

More I had heard ; when streaming from the skies
A vapour swept the vision from my eyes.

By THOMAS COLE, of Queen's College.

HAIL! chearful parent of the infant spring,
Ethereal Mildness, hail! gladden'd by thee,
Renewing Nature, as in early prime,
When first in paradise she play'd at large
Her virgin fancies, now again adorns
Her smiling face with each fresh-op'ning charm,
'That waits on youth : nor doth thy quick'ning breath
Alone delight ; nor yet the noon-tide walk,
Thro' Granta's budding groves ; nor sunny ban'cs,
Where first from out the moss the violet rears
Her fragrant purple : far superior joys,
Each vernal joy improving, here await
My solitude, if fitting of such name
It haply may be deem'd ; for Science here,
Daughter of white-rob'd Peace and fair Content,
Attends my step, and kindly with me holds
Exalting converse ; whilst playing on before
Hope spreads her painted wing, and with it hides
Each sad unsightly scene : nor does the Muse
Sometimes forget her pleasing aid to lend,
Tho' uninvok'd ; e'en now methinks I feel
The tuneful impulse, but the crouding themes
Sollicit diverse, and with rival suit
Her pref'rence court ; Love prompting bids her-frame
Th' im-

Th' impassion'd sonnet, to excite his fires
In fair Eliza's breast; Spring's trim array
Her fancy strikes with images, that form
Numbers unsought, and voluntary move
The facile lay; Britannia's peaceful throne
Fill'd with the best of kings, and some time hence,
But heav'n prolong that time, to be resign'd
To such a prince, as Merit's self would make
Her kingdom's heir, provokes her now to build
The patriot verse, and raise to higher strains
The sounding string. ———

But ah! what means this evil-boding gloom;
This horrid damp, that chills my heart with fear?
Ah! wherefore fade away in early bloom
The promis'd honours of the riper year?

Why vanish all those dear betraying scenes,
That erst my soul to heedless transport led?
Why, like the airy sweets of traceless dreams,
Are all my peace-born, fancied comforts fled?

Too well alas! the dire event I ween,
That strikes its bane thro' nature's sick'ning frame;
Too well th' event is in the portent seen,
To need the doleful tale of ling'ring Fame.

Disastrous change! what doth it now avail,
That Britain once a matchless prince could boast?
What boots the joy, that sorrow doth entail;
The joy, that's render'd dear but to be lost?

112 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

Rage on, grim Death, thy triumph still encrease,
Nor leave us in despite a bliss to know ;
Give us at once a merciful release
From ev'ry comfort, and compleat our woe.

For what's the highest pleasure man attains,
But a sweet pledge of misery at best ;
If, soon as e'er his passions once it gains,
Malicious Fate then tears it from his breast ?

The flatt'ring hope, the gayly gilded hour,
With all the joys in health and plenty found,
Serve only but to give Affliction pow'r,
And add the scourge Regret to gall its wound.

How weak's the thread, on which our lives depend ?
And oh ! how like to that are Pleasure's ties ?
A hair, a breeze, the dearest life may end,
And that draw tears into a thousand eyes.

Forgive, O heav'n ! 'gainst thee our mad complaints,
And thou, O prince ! with our self-fondness bear ;
In that we envy thee the bliss of saints,
And wish thee here a mortal crown to wear.

Our highest glory, and our greatest friend,
In thy untimely death, we lost bemoan ;
Bemoan each virtue fitted to defend
A kingdom's welfare, and adorn a throne.

Tho' what's our loss, who but at distance caught
His streaming love in its diffusive course,
Compar'd with theirs, who took its purest draught,
And drank it freshly flowing from its source ?

To

To you, from whose embraces he was torn,
 His own dear offspring, and his dearer wife,
 Heav'n chiefly gave to taste, and doom'd to mourn
 Each tender gift that sweetens private life.

But deep-felt Anguish bursts the sigh in vain ;
 In vain we shed Affection's fondest tear ;
 For sighs and tears will bring him back again
 No more than Virtue could secure him here.

Such sorrow more denies, than proves our love,
 Whilst thus our common misery it shows ;
 For if concern can reach the realms above,
 He'll feel it in his friends and country's woes.

Then let us strive grief's tumults to suppress,
 And Death of all his tyranny disarm ;
 Implore kind heav'n our suff'rings to redress,
 And send some pledge of Fate's relenting arm.

AND see, emerging from amidst the blaze
 Of yonder op'ning cloud, Britannia beams
 On my enliven'd soul a gladfom ray
 Of consolation ; and e'en now behold,
 As bent on soothing purpose and to greet
 My ears with mildest utt'rance, she descends.

“ Forbear, my son, to wail or blame the stroke,
 “ Which heav'n, in wisdom or in anger, sends
 “ T' afflict mankind : nor in despair surmise
 “ Thy country's welfare, my peculiar charge,
 “ With its chief blessing lost ; for yet, e'en yet
 “ Enough of comfort still remains to calm
 “ The swelling tide of anguish, that o'erflows

114 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

- " Each Briton's eye; could they from thence remove
 " The dark'ning film that intercepts the view
 " Of future blifs; but I with virtual touch
 " Will strengthen thy weak sight, and to thy ken
 " Lay ope a scene of ages far remov'd
 " In time's expanse; as erst from Eden's height
 " Adam beheld, when Michael first had purg'd
 " His visual nerve with Euphrasie and Rue,
 " And from the Well of Life three drops infill'd.
 " Behold the veil by nature plac'd to bound
 " All human foresight, now uprising quick
 " To heav'n's high vault, lets in upon thy sense
 " Prepar'd to bear the view, a lucid train
 " Of many bright succeeding years stretch'd out
 " In fair perspective; first survey the tract
 " To its far distant verge, which GEORGE's life
 " Fills up illustrious; onward now extend
 " Thy lengthen'd gaze, and see, where just advanc'd
 " To manhood's prime, my darling prince ascends
 " The British throne; surviving still in him
 " Behold each royal virtue deem'd as lost
 " With his lamented fire: behold what days,
 " What happy days are thence continu'd down
 " To late posterity, e'er Time's extreme
 " Bounds the vast scene, and terminates thy view."

By J. DUNCOMBE, B. A. C. C. C.

SUNK was the solemn taper's sickly glare,
 Serene the night and silent all the air,
 The sullen drum, the cannon's pausing roar,
 And the funereal knell was heard no more;

When

CAMBRIDGE VERSES. 115

When I repair'd with a religious dread
 To the dim mansions of the royal dead,
 And trod the vaulted ground by Cynthia's light
 Thro' story'd windows glimm'ring on the sight.
 There as in Henry's awful dome I stray'd,
 With Fancy's eye I saw each sacred shade
 Start from the shroud, shake off th' encumb'ring dust,
 And animate each venerable bust:
 Saw sable Edward's Genius, still ador'd
 By Britons, hover o'er his pond'rous sword;
 And Henry terror-plum'd his falchion wield,
 Stern as in Agincourt's immortal field.
 But soon from thence with trembling steps I turn
 To vent my grief o'er that lamented urn;
 Which, moist with Britain's sorrow now contains
 The parent's, husband's, FREDERICK's lov'd remains.

“ Ah prince, I cry'd, while pity fill'd my eye,
 “ FREDERICK, endear'd by ev'ry social tie,
 “ When late I saw thee drop a tender tear
 “ Of feeling sympathy on Juliet's bier,
 “ And heard thy youthful train with sighs confess
 “ Humane compassion at her feign'd distress;
 “ How little thought I what a fatal blow
 “ Would soon give cause for undissemb'l'd woe;
 “ That we in sad procession soon should join,
 “ And the next fun'ral obsequies be thine!
 “ No longer now in Kew's or Cliefden's grove
 “ That prattling train shall with thee sportive rove;
 “ No more their stories shall thy walks beguile,
 “ Nor thou repay those stories with a smile,
 “ Nor view their eyes, and with a kiss declare
 “ Thou see'st their mother, thy AUGUSTA, there.

“ Adm

116 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

" And oh! thou partner of his happiest hour,
 " Thou widow'd fair, a partner now no more,
 " AUGUSTA, late what transports fill'd thy breast,
 " Blest in thy consort, in thy children blest!
 " On downy feet each golden moment flew,
 " Rich with such love as earliest ages knew;
 " Thy envy'd palace with such bliss was crown'd,
 " As is in palaces but rarely found;
 " Such bliss as ev'n the nymphs of rural plains
 " Experience rarely with their cottage swains.
 " But now"—

While thus I mourn'd, an undulating light,
 Swift darting thro' the fane, dispers'd the night;
 Each pillar bow'd, each sculptur'd statue shook,
 And from the hollow vault these accents broke.

" Grieve not for me, but yield to heav'n's behest;
 " I feel the sigh that heaves my consort's breast;
 " But know such virtue never can despair,
 " Bless'd with my children's love and father's care:
 " A husband's loss that father shall supply,
 " Those children train'd beneath her forming eye,
 " Shall well their grandfire's tenderness repay,
 " The fav'rite theme of ev'ry British lay.

" Nor think that thou shalt see the deathless name
 " Of Britain, blotted from the rolls of Fame:
 " Ev'n when the last sad duties shall be paid
 " In these arch'd isles to GEORGE's honour'd shade;
 " Another GEORGE shall then, ev'n then impart
 " Rekindling transports to each loyal heart:
 " Thro' dark futurity my ravish'd eyes
 " View other Edwards, Henries, Williams rise:
 " I see, I see the blooming train advance,
 " The pride of Britain, and the dread of France.

" Bards

- " Bards yet unborn their praises shall resound,
 " Alike in senates and in fields renown'd,
 " Fair Freedom's throne they dauntless shall maintain,
 " And rule with sov'reign nod the subject main.
 " Then Britain shall with grateful joy embrace
 " The darling youths, and view her FREDERICK's race
 " To all their great forefather's fame aspire,
 " Nor, when she views the sons, forget the fire.

By F. MONTAGU, Fellow-Com. of Trin. Coll.

Y E S, there's an eloquence in mighty woe,
 And tears spontaneous into numbers flow.
 Come then, Melpomene, my grief inspire,
 Wake to sad notes the sweetly plaintive lyre.
 If ev'ry Muse with FREDERICK is not fled,
 Pay this last tribute to the royal dead.
 Let each fair Science, which his mind approv'd,
 Each heaven-descended Art his Genius lov'd,
 Rais'd by his hand, while all around they bloom,
 Grace with ingenious grief their patron's tomb.
 O prince, thy country's guardian, boast, and friend,
 These are the titles which thy fame attend;
 Nobler, than Rome could coin for lawless power,
 Or slavish senates on a tyrant shower:
 Titles not subject to imperious Death,
 Or the frail changes of a mortal breath.

O ye, who still o'er England's throne preside,
 Inspire her actions and her counsels guide,
 Henry and Edward; and ye glorious dead,
 Who fell at Poitiers, or at Cressy bled,

Receive

118 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

Receive this hero to your patriot band,
 Another guardian Genius of our land :
 Just were alike your views, your end the same,
 And various labours answer'd one great aim.
 Yet stay, blest'st spirit, if thy soul refin'd
 Leaves not each sense, each former care behind ;
 If any ling'ring human thought remain
 Thy country's love may yet thy flight detain.
 Or in thy mind if softer passions rise,
 Awhile we'll rob thee of thy promis'd skies ;
 AUGUSTA's image shall thy love renew,
 And earth's low joys and sorrows live anew.
 See how amidst a train of subject woes
 A sov'reign grief the royal mourner shews :
 Applauding heav'n observes the pious tear,
 And angels pity their resemblance here.

Nor would I teach thee comfort from the schools,
 Or give to grief like thine pedantic rules,
 Weep on, fair mourner ; each endearing name
 Private and publick may thy sorrow claim :
 The best of husbands, best of men deplore,
 Thy heart is human, tho' thy mind is more,
 Yet may your Genius triumph over Fate,
 England again may flourish, and be great.
 While he, whose force the sinking state defends,
 Whose laws protect, and whose example mends,
 Observes thy sorrows with a parent's eye,
 Unites in grief, and answers sigh for sigh.
 Behold young GEORGE his father's steps pursue,
 And shine a FREDERICK to the world and you ;
 See ev'ry virtue which can bless mankind,
 Bloom in his face, and ripen in his mind :

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Crouds as they gaze presaging transports feel,
 And all that's English kindles into zeal,
 To warm by actions, by example fire,
 And his own life in ev'ry breast inspire.

This be his glory ; and may Granta claim
 Her share of honour in his growing fame :
 Her's be the milder task, and gentler art,
 The mind to polish, and to form the heart.
 Her sons, in action bold, in council sage,
 Shall shine the patriots of a rising age,
 Taught, or themselves or others to command,
 And scatter plenty round a fainting land.

These are the paths, young prince, the virtuous tread,
 Belov'd when living, and ador'd when dead.
 These are the arts, which made thy father great,
 And bid the Muse lament her patron's fate ;
 These heav'n implanted in his godlike mind,
 And gave the glorious pattern to mankind :
 Shew'd to what height a mortal man could rise,
 And then recall'd him to his native skies.

By PHIL. PARSONS, of Sidney College.

Pensive and sad beneath the secret shade
 Of Solitude reclin'd, I take the reed
 With many a faint essay, to sing the loss
 Of much-lamenting Britain, land of grief !
 Where pining Care, Anxiety and Woe
 Sit sorrowing, and with never ceasing hand
 Spread universal sadness all around.

O for the softest skill, the sweetest Muse
 That ever charm'd an ear, or from the eye
 Drew the big tear, and with resistless force
 Compell'd the foes of pity to relent!
 Then, O lamented FREDERICK, would I sing
 Thee generous as thou wert, benignly good,
 Form'd for the social virtues, form'd to guide,
 Had heav'n so will'd, and bless a happy land.
 Then while I sung in melancholy strains
 Our blasted hopes, how, struck with sudden damp
 And sympathy prevailing, should each heart
 Beat thick with sorrow, chasing from the cheek
 The lively colour, and the roseate bloom!

Sad flow the strains of sorrow; ill beseem
 The verse elaborate, the flowing line,
 The studied grace, and elegance of sound;
 And FREDERICK's death the theme: yet would the Muse
 Thus sing his godlike mind, his patriot care——
 Vain thought, tho' laudable! beneath that task
 She fails unequal. Cease then, feeble maid;
 Enough for thee with oft-repeated sighs
 To mourn the general loss, to paint those griefs
 That still demand the frequent-flowing tear.

Thee, FREDERICK, oft retiring from the world
 Thy dear, thy lov'd AUGUSTA, mournful dame,
 Receiv'd with eyes of joy, with eager bliss,
 With heart-felt happiness, with mutual love,
 And delicate endearments; round, the train
 Of blooming princes, England's other hope,
 Press'd for paternal blessings; now no more
 Shall thine AUGUSTA spring with eyes of joy,
 With eager bliss, with heart-felt happiness,

And

And delicate endearment, mutual love,
To meet the pious husband ; now no more
The train of blooming princes round shall press
To greet the tender father ; save in dreams,
When thy lov'd form shall rise before their eyes
Oft, in unclouded majesty serene,
And give a transient, momentary blifs.

Dire were the horrors of that fatal night,
When by thy hand of unrelenting Death
The pious FREDERICK fell ; who can describe,
Who paint——or can imagination's self
With utmost power, extensive tho' it be,
Form such a scene of terror ? faintly shone
The hopes of life, and like a dying lamp,
Shoot forth a lightning gleam, deceitful blaze !
That seem'd to promise joy ; when all at once
With feeble strugglings and a deep-drawn sigh
——Oh cruel recollection ! wounding thought !——
He fell.——And did he singly fall ?——oh no ;
Britain's high-tow'ring hopes, the hopes of millions,
Expiring sunk, and vanish'd into air.

When ev'ry eye was turn'd intent on him,
And ev'ry heart was fraught with expectation,
Then to behold the fatal dart of Death
Fall unexpected——who with equal mind
Could bear the blow severe ? did not each heart
Sink all-dismay'd ? cold creeping horror thrill
Thro' ev'ry vein ? and the big trembling tear
Slow-rolling fall adown the pale-dead cheek ?

Oh thou, supreme of things ! parent of good !
Etherial source of beings ! at whose nod

L

Omni-

Omnipotent the fates of mightiest realms
 Still rise alternate, or alternate fall,
 Teach, for thou canst, oh ! teach us how to bear
 The loss, and bless thy providence divine !
 Give us with deep humility to see
 This judgment for our crimes, and at thy throne
 To fall repentant, and avert thy wrath
 With all the pious violence of prayer.

And oh ! be still propitious, while we beg
 Thy blessings on our sovereign. Guard his life
 Still long and happy ! may the royal race
 Grow fast beneath thy care, but chiefly GEORGE,
 Prince of our hopes ! into his ductile heart
 Pour all his father's virtues, pour his love,
 That generous care, that openness of soul,
 That made ten thousands blest ; then once again
 Shall sorrow be dispell'd, each brow shall smile,
 And Britons be the happiest of mankind.

By W. BELL, of Magdalen College.

AS in yon mossy grot retir'd I lay,
 While yet no eastern cloud bespoke the day,
 And busy nature all around was still,
 All but the whisp'ring breeze, and murm'ring rill ;
 To meditation sweet the scene inclin'd,
 And wak'd new transports in my pensive mind.
 When straight a sigh the hardest heart would fear,
 Shot thro' my grot, and pierc'd my trembling ear :
 And lo ! before me stood a lovely fair,
 In look majestic, and divine in air ;

But

But in her downcast eye sad woe confess,
 Pale was her cheek, fast heav'd her snowy breast;
 Her golden tresses all neglected flow'd,
 And all her mein some mournful goddess shew'd.
 " Say heav'n-born maid, why hither art thou come,
 " To leave for dusky groves thy azure dome?
 " What dread impending fate dost thou impart,
 " With swelling grief to burst each British heart?"

Then she, as oft she wip'd the gushing tear,
 Behold whom once you knew, sad Clio here:—
 Not so, whene'er at thy request I came
 With rapt'rous fire to feed the youthful flame;
 Not so, all bath'd in tears did Clio sing:
 Or ought from heav'n but heav'nly transports bring.
 But now alas! ye pleasing themes retire,
 Far other airs must breath from Clio's lyre.
 For know by Phœbus' high behest I come
 To tell fair Albion's unexpected doom;
 The mournful tale thro' all her realms to spread,
 Chill the young heart, and bow the silver'd head.
 Oh! Albion's sons, your hapless lot deplore,
 The great, the much-lov'd FREDERICK is no more.

Nature, the fondest parent of this isle,
 Who form'd and bless'd it with her sweetest smile,
 Saw with a mother's pangs Fate's wasteful hand,
 * And rent with deep-fetch'd sighs the tott'ring land.
 The sigh so deep, so strong the rushing blast,
 As laid your isle's far noblest honours waste:
 All wild its fury with relentless sway
 Tore in its sweepy course whole woods away;

L 2

While

* A remarkable storm happen'd about the time of the prince's death.

124 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

While tow'ring spires fell shatter'd to the ground,
 And pale Britannia shudder'd at the wound.
 Nor here alone were Nature's groans perceiv'd,
 All Europe felt them, and all Europe griev'd.
 Old Rhénus, when the dread decree he heard,
 To comfort Ocean for his dying lord,
 Alarm'd, forsook at once his oozy bed,
 And rais'd above the stream his rushy head ;
 Then roll'd his waves impetuous to the main,
 Burst his high bounds, and delug'd all the plain.
 Nor will the Muse thee, Sequana, forget,
 Unmov'd you could not hear the cruel fate.
 What tho' thy floods in Gallic channels flow,
 More us'd to noisy mirth, than modest woe ;
 What tho' thy verdant banks a lord must own
 The rival of Britannia's high renown ;
 Thy softer breast a nobler passion fir'd,
 And swell'd with sighs when Albion's hope expir'd.
 Alas ! relentless Destiny forbad ;
 Else with what eager haste would you have fled ;
 Your beauteous shore, and dew-pearl'd haunts forgot,
 The shelly palace, and the chrystal grot ;
 To mix your murm'ring waves with silver Thames,
 And weep at once in sympathetic streams ?
 And you too, gentle, venerable Cam,
 Who lave the Muses' seat, so fair in fame,
 Thy peaceful urn with theirs essay'd to join,
 And in one plaint united woes combine.
 To Thames their floods obsequious all they pour,
 While silver Thames still kept his wonted shore.
 'Twas there no foaming wave, with fury toss'd,
 Sunk the light bark, or marr'd the lovely coast :

Bow'd

Bow'd with meek grief his reed-curl'd honours low,
 His streams, each murmur hush'd, forgot to flow :
 No sporting breeze the mimic billow trac'd,
 No rising rill the playful Zephyr chas'd.

And well these honours may his name demand,
 And higher far from this once happy land.
 Pour forth your urns, weep all your floods away ;
 Too small a tribute to his worth to pay.
 Indulge, ye Britons, now your generous grief,
 Now give the tear to flow, the breast to heave ;
 The heaving breast, the flowing tear will tell,
 How Albion's sons could weep, when FREDERICK fell.
 Now sound soft-breathing airs to mournful strains,
 Call all the valley nymphs, and woodland trains,
 Each fountain goddess, and each sacred name
 From which the cool grots derive their fame :
 Then raise at once the elegiac lay,
 And Echo waft the pious strain away,
 High o'er the cloud-top'd hills, and far above
 Where Fate permits the curious eye to rove ;
 There shall resound immortal FREDERICK's praise,
 And he will smile propitious on your lays.

And who more worth the Muse's sweetest song,
 Of all that glorious, that heroic throng,
 Who crowd the fairest page of blooming fame,
 And still fresh trophies to their honour claim ?
 Is it for those, whose wills all mortals sway,
 To deal them woes, and ravish joys away ?
 Are then the Gods so much to envy giv'n,
 And dwell such passions in the pow'rs of heav'n ?
 Else why command with such a fatal haste
 Cold Death in teeming bloom such hopes to blast ?

But that——forgive ye powers! nor truth disown;
The Gods of Albion's blifs were jealous grown,
And sigh'd for FREDERICK to increafe their own.

Well might ye sigh, too happy powers above;
For fure he knew to merit heav'nly love.
A foul fo great, and yet fo modest too;
All, all but FREDERICK his own virtues knew.
Yes, mighty GEORGE, he grac'd thy glorious name,
Sacred to high renown, and lafting fame.
Search all thy freedom-loving race to meet
One more exalted, or more truly great.
What tho' his fword ne'er led the deep array,
Beam'd on embattled ranks, and flaſh'd difmay;
What tho' his arm, unus'd fure fate to wield,
Ne'er ftrew'd, like thine, with foes the well-fought field,
A heart as brave his manly breaſt could boaſt
As or the Trojan, or the Grecian hoſt,
When dauntleſs Hector ſpread the carnage wide,
Or dread Achilles ſtem'd the battle's tide.
But timorous Albion——ah! how vain her care!
Ne'er ſent him forth to roll the din of war,
Or crown with laurels the triumphal car.

But to each rip'ning art t' extend his aid,
And call each finer ſcience from the ſhade;
To know in war's juſt fury to engage,
And when to rouse, and when to check its rage;
The ſalutary balm of peace to pour,
And waſt rich commerce to the ſmiling ſhore;
To rule a people with an equal ſway,
Jealous of rights, yet willing to obey;
Upon his ſubjects' love to build his throne,
Their joys all his, and his their fair renown:

This,

This, this, great prince, was thy transcendent praise;
For this, my sons, each olive trophy raise.

Oh! had the Fates but spun thy silken thread,
Till Albion's crown had grac'd thy royal head,
Then might the Muse have spar'd her feeble lay,
Nor veil'd thy glories in a weak essay.

But since they now that happy lot deny,
Pour the sad verse, nor stop the tearful eye.
The pious act to distant times may shew
The Muses taught Britannia's tears to flow :
For oh ! each Muse must weep the fatal day,
That snatch'd their patron, and their pride away.

Yet not for ever flows the generous stream,
Nor hides reviving joy her friendly beam.
His course tho' short with happiest love was blest,
And each soft transport of the social breast.
With Virtue Fortune to adorn him vy'd,
That gave desert, and this the fairest bride.
Had then Apelles drew the Queen of Love,
He sure had left the Goddess with her dove ;
Here he had found a nobler image far,
And Virtue finish'd ev'ry grace and air.
See, the big drops upon his urn she pours ;
So looks Aurora in the softest showers,

" And is it thus, she cries, my joys are flown,
" My ev'ry hope, my ev'ry comfort gone ?
" Were these the promises of fraudulent Fate,
" That crown'd with ev'ry bliss our happy state ?
" Did it profusely all its blessings shed,
" To sink at once this grief-devoted head ?
" The kindest husband, the sincerest friend,
" And kindest father, all in FREDERICK end.

128 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

" Ye little mimics of his godlike grace,
 " Well may ye boast the semblance of his face ;
 " But in your tender minds with virtue sown
 " He drew a fairer portrait of his own."
 The constant partner of his bliss and care,
 Each joy she heighten'd, and each grief would share.
 And when the Fates pronounc'd the dire command,
 And Death shook horrible his ebony wand,
 On her fair breast his drooping head he lay,
 And sigh'd to rest his gentle soul away.
 His trembling hand her willing arm embrac'd,
 And strove, 'twas all it could, to grasp it fast ;
 His dying eyes, with interrupted gaze,
 By turns survey'd, then lost the much-lov'd face ;
 Pale grew the cheek th' expiring prince ador'd,
 And all the fair seem'd dying with her lord.

So when stern Winter waves his iron wing,
 And leaves the frozen earth to softer Spring ;
 While breathing sweets Pomona calls the flow'rs,
 Paints the gay meads, and decks the fragrant bow'rs ;
 Fair Clytia, mindful of her hapless love,
 Peeps forth unseen in some untrodden grove.
 There, when the God of Light reveals the day ;
 To eastern hills she turns, and courts his ray ;
 And turning still, when in the midmost sky,
 Sees with fond pain his winged couriers fly ;
 But, when down western steepers his car they bear,
 Hangs her pale head, and drops a dewy tear.

But cease, my sons, enough to grief is giv'n,
 Nor weep impatient at the will of heav'n.
 Bless'd is great FREDERICK in those bright abode,
 Where dwelt in bliss serene the immortal Gods.

There

There all the heroes ample time can boast,
 Proclaim his welcome thro' the lawrell'd host;
 O'er the arch'd sky their echoing shout rebounds,
 And FREDERICK's name from pole to pole resounds.
 And see; great GEORGE still Albion's sceptre sways;
 Sweep, sweep the sounding lyre to GEORGE's praise.
 Far distant years, and happiest times shall rise,
 E'er he, his labours past, shall seek the skies.
 Great GEORGE's brow Britannia's crown shall grace,
 Till FREDERICK's son can fill the monarch's place.
 And sure, if e'er Apollo could presage,
 E'er read aright in Time's yet hidden page,
 A prince as glorious as e'er wore her crown
 In blooming GEORGE shall happy Albion own.
 Fraught with all Wisdom's precept can inspire,
 Fir'd by the bright example of his fire,
 Eager for Virtue's prize he'll mount the throne,
 And teach th' admiring world, he's FREDERICK's son."

So sung the Muse immortal FREDERICK's fame,
 While list'ning valleys echoed back the name.
 "Go sing to all, she said, the Muse's lay;
 Then spread her silver wings, and cut the liquid way."

By JOHN HINCHLIFFE, of Trinity Coll.

IF e'er the Muse could paint excess of woe,
 Now must the darkest shade of sorrow hide
 Britannia's smile;—for FREDERICK is no more.

Nigh, where Thames steals along the grateful soil,
 In sable weeds, grief's mournful liv'ry, clad,
 Britannia sat; scarce could her arm uphold

Her

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Her drooping head ; oft heav'd the heart-felt sigh,
And drop'd the frequent tear ; Despair's dark veil
Spread o'er her face a melancholy gloom :

Around her Peace and sister Plenty stood,
Part of the rural choir, with early Spring ;
And close-lip'd Silence lent attention's ear ;
While Peace thus testify'd a kind concern :

“ Whence this sad change, whence springs this flood
of tears ?

“ No more the trump of war, death-threat'ning sound,

“ Disturbs thy rest ; no more the mother's dread

“ Attends her absent son, to death expos'd.

“ When grim Rebellion shook her snaky locks,

“ And grasp'd at empire ; Desolation join'd

“ Her troop ; before pale Fear prepar'd the way ;

“ Behind, was left, nought but a wild of waste,

“ And smoke of cities rais'd. The poor peasant

“ Sigh'd o'er the plain, where but of late he sang

“ In chearful industry. I felt thy pain,

“ Drove back the monster, and restor'd the smile

“ Of universal joy. Does ought remain

“ That Peace can grant, which known she can refuse ?

Thus spoke the nymph, whose ev'ry air serene

Breath'd grace diffusive ; on her lips was hung

Perswasive rhet'rick ; on her brow, concern.

Oft did Britannia strive, but all in vain,

To pay the tribute just of gratitude.

Then Plenty will'd to cheer the grief-sick maid,

She shew'd her fruitful horn, and promis'd fair

To swell the golden wheat ; “ With thee, she said,

“ Amid a thousand other diff'rent soils,

“ Free choice has fix'd my seat ; with thee the blast

“ Of

" Of Famine is unknown ; the savage herd,
 " That roam the tyrants of the Lybian sand,
 " Are held as prodigies. When did the sun
 " Rage scorching o'er thy land ; or absent far
 " Make thine the realm of a perpetual night ?
 " When was the time, youth's pride no more could boast
 " The sinewy arm ? when on the virgin's cheek
 " Faded the rose's bloom ? say then, fair maid,
 " O say, why heaves so oft thy lab'ring breast ?
 Spring brought a flow'ry crown to deck her brow,
 The early snow-drop, and the daffodil,
 The tender hyacinth with violet sweet :
 For yet the rose, in diffidence secure,
 Fears to expose her short-liv'd gayety ;
 And silver lillies, hid within their buds,
 Await the courtship of the warmer sun.
 The offer pleas'd the nymph, but not the gift :
 At length she rais'd her head with grief depress'd,
 And melting Sorrow loos'd her fetter'd tongue.
 When thus she spoke : " He's dead, alas ! he's dead !
 " No more expect, ye once so courted train,
 " To meet Britannia's smile. Hail, Sorrow, hail !
 " With thee for ever be my sad abode ;
 " Beneath the covert of some lonely cell,
 " With ivy clad ; where haunts the dusky bat,
 " Where shrieks the bird of night ; and fancy paints
 " Grim horror in a thousand ghastly forms.
 " There will I, joining in the doleful throng,
 " With thee give tear for tear, and sigh for sigh.
 " O Death, could nought the spotless mind avail,
 " Could nought the royal consort's earnest pray'r,
 " Nor youthful innocence retard the stroke ?

" Could'st

132 CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

" Couldst thou dry-ey'd behold the tragic scene
 " Of so much virtue in so much distress?
 " He fell indeed, thy spoil, great FREDERICK fell;
 " The people's darling, and Britannia's prince;
 " Great as his father, as his father lov'd."
 Thus spoke Britannia; and again she wept:
 When lo! a Form, unseen before, approach'd,
 In vestment white, like very Sanctity;
 At distance seem'd a frown upon her brow;
 An iron sceptre, and a rigid law
 Seem'd in her hands; but as she nearer came
 In majesty of gait, she fairer grew:
 More pleasing smil'd her visage; length of days
 Was in her right hand; in her left she held
 Riches and honour; onward such she drew,
 Yclept Religion; all the rural choir
 Bow'd due obeysance. She, in counsel wise,
 Began: " Forbear, Britannia, lawless grief;
 " Thy fate is mine; if thou alas! should'st fall,
 " Where could Religion find a safe retreat,
 " Which Persecution e'er would cease to haunt?
 " Still GEORGE survives, to guide the peaceful state;
 " Still blooms the fruitful branch, and long shall bloom
 " In youth successive. True, great FREDERICK fell:
 " 'Twas heaven's will, and heaven's will be done.
 " Thy triumph, Death, is short; he fell to rise;
 " On earth he lost, in heav'n he gain'd a crown."

An

AN AUNCIENTE PROPHECIE.

By JOHN IMAGE, B. A. of St. John's Coll.

— — — — Alack for woe,
 That ought had happe mote blotte so faire a showe!
 Bvt tyde of tyme doth fyll rovge rolle a-way,
 Novght it can choake, nor ought can it force staye;
 And svre as tydeth tyme, so sure I telle,
 For much goode yeare, comethe successeione ille.
 Forthewithe then I unmisterie,
 What token once a dredefull daye.

The crowne of concorde off shall droppe;
 And who so strong to take it vp?
 The lyone foote the greene see—shippes be failde;
 And redde bloode reeke in forrain fiede:
 —The hovsewife mann'de vnmann'de must bee;
 And meny mayden hearts bleede inwerdly!
 Then—flowe rise scarre-crowe troope, like flovde!
 And dippe the Bilbo blade in blodde:
 This this and this moone waxxe and wane,
 'Fore this bavlde troope gang backe againe:
 Gray-bearde, I wot, ne'ere had in poake
 A tale to match with this in forte!
 Fewe Zodiake signes rvnne ore—start eye!
 Ne warre ne civill jarre rede I!
 —Th' old trotte shall whine for los of kee,
 All bedded in the highe-grasse lea:
 Badde happe! bvt still myst othere comme,
 Earthe qvaketh twice in high-streete towne:
 And folke shall waxxen all in feare,

M

Devyfinge

Devysinge little what be neare——

When tyde of tyme thus farre hathe ronne,
The full successione then is comme,
And woefvll doing mvst be done !
The hearte shall heave, the heade shall ake,
And meny an eye shall maken weepę ;
For golden opiniones avgyrre a good man ovte,
Who jvst shall rise, bvt soone mvst sette :
The dead-man's knelle is knoll'de, I ken,
And who mote eche his babye-span !
My graye lockes quake ! my worke is done :
The warninge bell to thee is rvnge !
Bvt alle thinges change, and alle thinges tvrne !

AH me ! the luckles chime
I little counted, for I simply thought ;
Nor deem'd that heav'n did note
The wrecks of time !
But ah ! the hour is past !
The hour, which never cease to weep
Fair Liberty, all light of wing ;
The Muses, ever wont to sing ;
All as they pensive tread the mountain-steep !
And could I bid all peace to thy fair shade——
A greet, of stop too high for shepherd's straw,
Whose uncouth yearnings use an humbler strain ;
I would the bold full-passion'd 'plain,
Sacred to Wonder, and to Sorrow too !
Would I might sweep the antic wilde,
'Mong holy tow'rs, by 'Time unpil'd ;
Whose reliques, shew'd in moon-beam light,
Pity might tear to Sicknes quite !
—Or view the princely heaped tomb,

That

That Wonder deigns to look upon,
The pyramid——whence might be fought
Tall Metaphor, and gloomy Thought,
And toily plan that Grief hath wrought !

—Or to some mountain I would up,
Where torrents tumble from the top ;
Now peep at sky, in fiery shew ;
Now see the high-voic'd waves below !
While peopled hulks are whembling by,
And store of fragments beating high,
I'd catch a new-felt sympathy !
The strain might then full well proportion'd be ;
Not simply fullen should it move,
But bolt, as thunder from above !
Or like the light'ning it should blaze,
Full fancy fire the orb in which it plays !
The Muse should then——a mourner come ;
All fable-clad should slow stalk on,
In stately sad solemnity !

But well I ween,
Thy Passing dirged by the starry tribe,
All as thou mak'st full wing, to gladly gain
Yon higher seat of Fame !
What boots thee then an earthly fame beside !
Yet O ! let this fair Eulogy be taught,
Which kings may blush to hear “ 'Twas Peace he fought,
A prince, who bold in Faith to Fame's tribunal came ;
Car'd to be good——the rest he left to Fame.”

By CHRISTOPHER HERVEY, Fellow-Commoner
of Clare-Hall.

THE paths of providence what eye can scan,
Or who unfold the ways of God to man?
Yet still, tho' mists exclude our eager sight,
And what we judge most wrong is oft'nest right,
Still must we mourn that hour, which sinks the great,
And deprecate th' arresting hand of Fate.

O thou, whose flight no longer earth restrains,
Who joyful soarest o'er ethereal plains;
Whose eyes enlighten'd those bless'd scenes survey,
Where blaze the glories of eternal day;
Where souls harmonious shall thy name adore,
And earthly grandeur can molest no more;
From those bright climes O lend a gracious ear,
Accept the mournful tribute of a tear.

See! Britain's Genius drooping hangs her head,
Her spear inverted, and her laurels dead.
Her sapp'd foundations nod beneath their load,
And fears of future ill her hopes corrode.
E'en distant countries imitate her woe,
The bleak Atlantick shudders at the blow;
From east to west the fatal rumour speeds,
And either India's swarthy region bleeds.

Yet let not France new hopes of empire form,
Sea-girted Albion fears no foreign storm.
In vain their oaks forsake their native woods,
And tow'ring pines exult upon the floods:
Their arms and heroes vainly they prepare,
In vain they menace all the pomp of war:

A' present sovereign guards our mournful state,
 Firm in itself, unconquerably great.
 Secure of hostile rage, her rocky shore
 England preserves, tho' FREDERICK is no more.

O could my Muse in Pope's correctness flow,
 Or with the warmth of Dryden's fancy glow;
 Then would I, prince, thy character rehearse,
 In sounding numbers, and in sacred verse:
 But tho' my verse shall soon dissolve away,
 Thy fame shall live a stranger to decay.
 The universe itself shall own thee great,
 And future ages shall lament thy fate.

By ERASMUS DARWIN, of St. John's College.

ON that sad day what tears Britannia shed!
 How pour'd her anguish o'er the mighty dead!
 Thames, on thy shore the widow'd mourner stood,
 And sigh'd her sorrows to the restless flood;
 Accus'd the Gods, appeal'd to ev'ry shade,
 And tore the wreathed laurel from her head.

" Ye meads enamell'd. and ye waving woods,
 " With dismal yews and solemn cypress mourn;
 " Ye rising mountains, and ensilver'd floods,
 " Repeat my sighs, and weep upon his urn.

" Oft in your haunts the young Marcellus stray'd,
 " There oft in thought your future glories plan'd,
 " Bade sacred Science lift her laurel'd head,
 " And Peace extend her olive o'er the land.

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- " Enrich'd with all of fair, and great, and good,
 " That guides the monarch, or adorns the man,
 " Albion in him a future father view'd,
 " Strong o'er the world, as o'er himself to reign.

 " Ill-fated youth ! no Albion thou shalt see,
 " No world hast thou to rule, no crown to come,
 " Nor monarch, nor the man remain to thee,
 " Thy robe a shroud, and all thy court a tomb !

 " On yon fair eminence the cedar stood,
 " O'er distant lands he stretch'd the shade immense,
 " First of the fields and king of all the wood,
 " The sun's defiance, and the flocks defence :

 " Nurs'd in his shade the infant scions grow,
 " Unknown to storms their healthy blossoms spread,
 " Drink fost'ring juices from the parent bough,
 " And promise like protection to the mead.

 " Sudden the storm—the red-wing'd thunders roar,
 " The cedar-forest felt the forceful wound ;
 " Shock'd from his root, the heaving rocks up-tore,
 " And rush'd in cumbrous ruin on the ground.

 " Thus fading fell the bloom of Albion's throne,
 " Sudden, unwarn'd,—Heav'n sent no friendly call;
 " Youth bade him live, and Virtue reach'd a crown,
 " While Fate relentless meditates his fall.

 " We saw his consort stay the drooping head ;—
 " He clasp'd his babes, his country's anguish wept ;
 " Then sunk serene upon the languid bed,
 " Death drew the curtain, and the hero slept.

 " At

" At shining marks is swifter vengeance thrown,
 " Does Death in avarice sieze the richest spoil,
 " Do clouds rejoice to veil the mid-day sun,
 " And Fortune smite us, when she seems to smile ?"

" Our blifs unblossom'd, all our glories fled,
 " Our wither'd beauty's languid, pale, and wan ;
 " Ye Gods ! how slender and how weak a thread
 " Sustains our blessings, if they hang on man !

" Oft at the fall of kings, th' astonish'd eye
 " Views fancy'd tumults in the midnight gleams,
 " Sees glitt'ring crests, and darting lances fly,
 " Till one thick cloud absorbs the sportive beams.

" Such shades are life ! Ambition waves her plume,
 " And Fortune's tinsel glitters o'er the mead,
 " Till Fate o'er spreads th' impenetrable gloom,
 " And suns and stars submit before the shade."

THUS the sad mourner bade her sorrows flow,
 Indulg'd her pains, and told his worth in woe :
 While list'ning surges learnt the moving song,
 Hung on the lay, and ling'ring mourn'd along,
 Impassion'd echoes swell'd the plaintive cry,
 And whisp'ring winds prolong'd the tender sigh.
 When from his silver throne the waves among,
 In soft concern the watry monarch sprung ;
 His brows begirt with Iris' circling ray,
 That calms the tempest and revives the day :
 " Forbear to mourn" (He wav'd the scepter'd hand,
 Silent the winds, the waves subsiding stand)

" Your

" Your prince still lives, immortals never die,
 " On angel plumes he mounts in yonder sky;
 " What tho' illustrious in the courts of Jove
 " He wears perhaps a brighter crown above,
 " He still on Albion's realms may deign to smile,
 " And shed the sunshine on her blissful isle,
 " With hand unseen some hidden thread direct,
 " Still point the haven, and the helm protect.
 " If dies the day upon the weeping lawn,
 " Lustres as fair revive the rising dawn;
 " If Summer yields to chill Arcturus' blast,
 " Her groves dishonour'd, and her furrows waste;
 " Spring's genial wing returning broods the plain,
 " Fields wave with gold, and meadows laugh again.
 " If rushing storms the lawless surges swell,
 " And gulphy eddies toss the fearful keel,
 " Again serene the freighted billows glide,
 " And barks triumphant stem th' applauding tide,
 " Again rich India spreads her silken sails,
 " And seeks my harbours born by spicy gales,
 " Rejoicing nations crowd the banks of Thame,
 " And GEORGE and Peace diffuse th' indulgent beam."

By J. G. KING, of Gonvil and Caius College.

R Eclin'd beneath a willow's lonely shade,
 AUGUSTA mourn'd her royal consort dead.
 The setting sun had ting'd the western floods,
 The warbling songsters ceas'd to glad the woods;
 Nor ev'n sweet Philomel, from spray to spray,
 To her responsive pour'd the pensive lay;

Nor

Nor sparkling stars shoot forth a trembling light.
Nor blushing Cynthia chear'd the gloom of night.
Her wretched comfort was t' indulge her woes,
The last sad refuge that misfortune knows !
Whilst at her feet a murm'ring eddy glides,
Her frequent tears increase the wat'ry tides ;
The-ecchoing rocks to her complaints reply,
And winds condoling render sigh for sigh.
With sorrow-shining eyes, all pale and wan,
She thus her grief-inspired song began !

“ From morn till eve, from eve till rising morn,
“ All sadly-sighing, pensive, and forlorn,
“ No hopes by day I find; by night no rest.
“ What means this tempest in my throbbing breast ?
“ Strange force of love by which my bosom's tost,
“ Each other care in those soft tumult's lost !
“ Ah ! luckless fate, for ever will I moan,
“ The dear companion of my life is gone !
“ Each joy was heighten'd, and each baleful grief
“ With him divided brought its own relief.
“ How shall I now sustain his timeless fate,
“ Or where the fullness of my woes relate ?
“ To whom reveal the secrets of my heart,
“ Discharge my sorrows, or my joys impart ?
“ Could not, alas ! his matchless virtues save,
“ Or piety recall him from the grave ?
“ Must he now no more cast back one longing view,
“ Or fondly bless me with a last adieu ?
“ Adieu ! dear partner of my joys ! my fame,
“ And joys, and pleasures now have lost their name.
“ With plaintive sighs around thy sacred urn,
“ Each patriot breast thy Albion's loss bemoan ;

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" A nation's tears bedew thy dreary shrine,
 " A nation's sorrows are excell'd by mine.
 " Those scenes where oft with him I did resort,
 " The grove thick-bow'ring, or the splendid court,
 " Are now bereft of ev'ry pleasing grace,
 " And fullen sorrow low'rs in ev'ry face.
 " How grateful once were Cliefden's noon-day shades,
 " Its ev'ning breezes, and its op'ning glades ;
 " There we unmindful of the time have stray'd,
 " Whilst by our side our blooming offspring play'd !
 " How brisk the looks of ev'ry blithsome swain,
 " When Love and FREDERICK rul'd the happy plain !
 " How sweet the flow'rs that deck the smiling mead,
 " Where spring fresh-op'ning all its fragrance shed !
 " His much-lov'd form these rural scenes restore,
 " The flow'ry meadows now delight no more ;
 " No more with joy I view the blithsome swain,
 " And wood-girt Cliefden seems a desert plain !
 " Whilst weeping round his hapless orphans mourn,
 " And wond'ring ask me for their sire's return ;
 " The winning mildness and majestic grace,
 " Their father's likeness living in each face,
 " With doubled griefs oppress my weary'd breast,
 " The sad remembrance that I once was blest'd !
 " Who now shall guard their innocence and youth,
 " Their spotless honour, and untainted truth ;
 " In virtue's paths their generous souls direct,
 " To glory form them, and from harm protect ?
 " Sometimes, my senses by soft sleep possess,
 " A pleasing vision soothes my troubled breast,
 " His lov'd idea to these longing eyes
 " My fancy gives, tho' cruel fate denies ;

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" I strive to stay him, clasp the vacant place,
 " The dear delusion flies my fond embrace,
 " The kind deceitful dream my limbs foregoes,
 " From fancy'd bliss I wake to real woes !
 " Perhaps e'en now from yon celestial plains,
 " Where peace and harmony for ever reigns,
 " He views my griefs with sympathizing love,
 " If any care can reach the realms above.
 " Oh ! not unmindful of thy plighted vow,
 " Be thou my genius, and my guide be thou ;
 " Let sad AUGUSTA claim thy guardian care,
 " Avert those evils thou wast wont to share ;
 " Thro' life's perplexing maze direct my heart,
 " 'Till bliss shall join us----never more to part !

By J. PARKHURST, B. A. of Clare-Hall.

I.

WHILE some in artful elegy deplore
 " Britannia's loss, and FREDERICK now no more,"
 My grief o'erflows the commons bounds of woe,
 No usual bourn my verse or sorrows know.

Now, now, O king of terrors, may'st thou triumph !
 Now may'st thou boast thy deadly-certain aim ;
 For since th' Almighty gave thee to destroy
 The human race, and blast our ev'ry joy,
 When ever fell of men a nobler name ?

II.

A nobler name——for shall the savage race,
 Of conq'ring madmen, by ambition hurl'd,
 Whose glory's desolation, and the blaze
 Of fallen empires, and a ruin'd world——

Shall

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Shall these meet praise? shall impious altars burn,
 Cemented by the blood of millions slain?
 And shall the Muse deny a pious tear,
 Deny a deathless monument to rear
 O'er FREDERICK'S urn,
 That sweetest, kindest, goodliest of men?—

III.

Witness Britannia's sighs, her throbbing breast!
 O! let our eyes in speaking silence tell,
 How much belov'd he liv'd,
 How much deplor'd he fell!
 Come then, each social Virtue, come
 And weep around the royal tomb;
 For him prepare your choicest crown,
 For FREDERICK was all your own.

IV.

Behold! Paternal Tenderness advance!
 His face o'erspread with heart-felt woe,
 When he spies the sacred bier,
 See! how tears unbidden flow!
 Next, Conjugal Affection view,
 With springing beauties ever new;
 On the much-lamented grave
 Lo! how fixt his longing eye,
 As tho' his favourite he'd save
 From the arrest of Destiny.

V.

See! the thronging Virtues moan,
 With wishful hands uplift to heav'n,
 Their loveliest pupil ever shewn——
 Shewn to mankind, alas! not giv'n.

VI.

All hail to thee! much honour'd royal shade!
Accept this tribute to thy merit paid.

O! for a voice to make that merit known,
Far as Britannia's awful thunders roll:
Then should thy moral influence, like the sun,
Inform the ravish'd world from pole to pole.

VII.

But tho' each sorrowing Muse were dumb,
Tho' grief had silenc'd ev'ry lay,
Yet would thy virtues from the tomb
Triumphant, in a flood of day
Blaze in thy offspring—grateful pledges giv'n,
That Britain's still the darling care of heav'n.
Sparks still survive of that ethereal fire,
Which ever warm'd thy patriot-breast;
GEORGE, proud to emulate his fire,
Shall bless mankind, and by mankind be blest.

By GILBERT CARTER, of Caius College.

ENthron'd imperial on her gilded car
Britannia glitt'ring fat, whose lawrel wreaths,
Incirc'ling, wanton'd on her stately brow
With never-fading green: the sacred Nine,
Soaring o'er peaceful climes with boundless wing,
Her tuneful lyre uprear'd; and songs of peace
Trill'd from her melting voice in striking notes,
And danc'd luxuriant on the trembling string.
The grateful scene of BRUNSWICK's regal train
Her thoughts employ'd, which Nature's ductile hand
Has oft of late with rising grace adorn'd,

N

And

And fill'd the leaf; on whose extensive page
 Her gladsome isle might read successive blifs,
 Dawn'd from their infant hands with bright'ning ray.
 With cheerful looks she kiss'd the boons of fate,
 And hymn'd her gratitude in echoing lays:
 When inauspicious Fame impetuous flew,
 Sounding with hoarse alarm the direful news
 Of FREDERICK's death: the fatal blast o'erspread
 Th' afflicted earth, and wing'd from hill to hill,
 Lamenting Echo bore the lab'ring sound.
 The blooming scene by Fate's precarious hand,
 With vary'd pencil form'd, its lustre chang'd
 And pensive Grief diffus'd her sable shroud.
 Thns when the Morn beams forth her orient smiles
 On Nature's brood with unobstructed glance,
 Some cloud malignant heaves its dusky plumes,
 And bellowing mounts the skies, whilst clashing hail
 Darts from its frosty dome with rapid force,
 And strips the flow'ry lawn: no more the sun
 With genial pow'r inspires the wakeful lark
 To chaunt her matten song: no longer sees
 Harmonious Nature deck with wonted care
 Her teeming family: with thick'ning gloom
 The storm triumphant disappoints the day.
 Pale as the silver moon the vanquish'd sun
 Relinquishes the fields of air: whose languid ray
 Steals through the watry glade, till floods of grief
 Roll their deep waves and veil the sorrowing orb.
 Not less Britannia moan'd, whose sinking Muse
 With drooping pinions clos'd her chearful song:
 The ruby stream, which grac'd her blushing cheek,
 Or ceas'd to flow, or chang'd its beauteous hue.

Rais'd

Rais'd in their chrystal sluice, two gath'ring tears
 Bedim'd her sparkling eyes, which following drops,
 Prefs'd by the gushing fount, in trickling rills
 Pour'd on her iv'ry neck : her slack'ned hair
 In locks dishevel'd fell : her silken robes
 Hung loose, and soon forgot their tyrian die.
 In mournful strain she rais'd her fainting hand,
 And gent'ly touch'd the string, whilst fault'ring words
 Crept in slow notes and fan'd the flutt'ring air.
 Join in her plaint, ye tuneful sons of Cam,
 And throng the stream, which erst in wanton bounds
 Leap'd to the jocund pipe or chearful lyre,
 And led the dance, now murm'ring lulls the song.
 And calls for humbler lays : in doleful dirge
 Bewail Britannia's loss, nor strive to tell,
 Where in yon argent fields the wasted soul
 Wings its ethereal flight, which human bards,
 Lost in the wide expanse, in vain pursue.

By KENNET GIBSON, of Christ's College.

STretch'd on the beach, thy genius, Albion, lay,
 Where Thames in ocean ends his winding way;
 The azure tide, which late his banks o'erspread,
 With reflux waves now sought its native bed :
 Hither, when vain her efforts were to save
 Her much-lov'd FREDERICK longer from the grave ;
 When now blind Fate had slit the vital thread,
 Each grace was faded, and each beauty fled ;
 To moan her own and Virtue's loss she came,
 And made the shores repeat the lovely name.

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Her soon the monarch of the main survey'd,
 And rising, thus bespoke the weeping maid :
 " Why flows the tear, why heaves thy big-swol'n breast?
 " Say, why's Britannia thus with grief oppress'd?
 " The mad'ning din of war no more alarms,
 " No widow'd mothers mourn the fate of arms,
 " Thy sons secure the sweets of peace enjoy,
 " And arts, not arms, shall now each youth employ.
 He ceas'd. The guardian goddess thus replies :
 " Ask ye the cause from whence my griefs arise?
 " Tho' smiling Peace diffuse her glad'ning ray,
 " And GEORGE but rules, as Justice points the way;
 " Tho' Freedom owns his mild and easy reign,
 " Unaw'd by Hydra Faction's savage train :
 " Yet since we've lost, O ! lost the fairest flower,
 " That e'er bedeck'd the shining scenes of power;
 " Albion no more her wonted charms retains,
 " A gloomy horror clouds her mournful plains,
 " No more the Muses wake their warbling lyres,
 " To trill the strains that genial joy inspires ;
 " But in the plaintive ditty sadly slow,
 " The melting bosom pours forth all its woe.
 " His sacred herse see ! weeping Granta strew,
 " With tears to Learning's gentle guardian due.
 " Oft for dead conqu'rors has the lyre been strung,
 " But milder virtues now demand the song.
 " When Cromwell to the realms of night was hurl'd,
 " Torn in loud tempests from the trembling world ;
 " Tho' Nature sicken'd at the baleful blast,
 " And with the tyrant almost breath'd her last ;
 " Yet Waller's tributary numbers paid
 " Immortal honours to his dreary shade.

" Without

" Without or his, or haughty Cæsar's guilt,
 " No lands usurp'd, no blood unjustly spilt,
 " Sunk FREDERICK safely in the arms of death,
 " And calmly as he liv'd resign'd his breath,
 " Nor to th' æthereal domes was e'er convey'd
 " A nobler guest, or more illustrious shade.

By JAMES MARRIOTT, of Trinity Hall.

'T WAS at the solemn hour when ghosts repair
 To earth, and glide along the midnight air;
 When all was hush'd, except a bell, whose toll
 Rang the sad knell of some departing soul;
 Musing I lay on life's uncertain date,
 And the vain glories of this mortal state,
 Then sunk to rest, but knew no calm repose,
 Still doom'd to scenes of visionary woes.

Along these gloomy isles I seem'd to tread,
 Where sleep entomb'd Britannia's mighty dead;
 Sudden the distant, plaintive echoes found
 From vaulted roofs, and hollow tombs around;
 Near and more near, the doubling voices rise,
 And gleaming tapers strike my wond'ring eyes.
 At length an awful train appear'd in view,
 All cloth'd in flowing vests of snowy hue;
 Slow, solemn, sad, they trod, a tuneful throng,
 And swell'd in lengthen'd notes the melancholy song;
 While mournful sounds the organ's breath inspire,
 Responsive pealing to the pausing choir.
 Stretch'd on a bier, in ermine robes array'd,
 All pale in death, a form majestic laid;

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With royal arms the pall embroider'd o'er,
 Soft as they trod, the garter'd nobles bore ;
 At each slow step they drop'd a silent tear,
 And sighing crowds of mourners clos'd the rear.
 Methought, as near the sad procession drew,
 The marble urns all sweat a clammy dew ;
 Loud jar the brazen gates, the statues nod,
 And awful tremblings rock the dread abode.
 By time-worn vaults, and mansions of the dead,
 Pensive I saw the weeping orders tread,
 Then sigh'd, and woke ; and now the morning came,
 The morning big with melancholy fame ;
 Our flowing tears the general loss deplore,
 The friend, the prince, the patriot breathes no more.

Weep, Britain, weep in agonizing woe,
 And rend the laurel from thy mournful brow ;
 Lo ! where in Death's encircling arms he lies ;
 With him thy pride, with him thy glory dies.
 'Tis thus in vain to transient life we trust,
 And each fair hope falls wither'd in the dust.
 O ! if to bear a mild, a generous heart,
 To act each social and each patriot part,
 Fill ev'ry scene with dignity and ease,
 In conscious merit ever sure to please ;
 - To be whate'er the great, the good admire,
 The faithful husband, and the tender sire ;
 Ardent to gain a nation's just applause,
 And ever active in the public cause ;
 If, Britons, these can claim the general tear,
 Approach, and pour the grateful tribute here.

Fate, be thy darts at vulgar bosoms hurl'd,
 The shame, the refuse of a selfish world ;

Mean

Mean souls, who feel no int'rest but their own ;
 Of wealth who bow before the golden throne ;
 Rich in the tears from orphans eyes that flow ;
 Great, and triumphant in a nation's woe :
 But know, dread pow'r, fair Virtue cannot die,
 She scorns the earth, and seeks her parent sky.
 Urns, like their dead, shall moulder into dust,
 And Time tread down the monumental bust ;
 The stars must fall, the heav'ns be wrap'd in fire,
 And Death himself by his own shafts expire ;
 Crown'd with immortal youth shall Virtue bloom,
 Defy the stroke, and triumph o'er the tomb.

Farewell, great soul ! O may thy shade be blest,
 And Seraphs waft thee to eternal rest.
 Farewell, great soul ! 'till nature's second birth,
 Secure we trust thy relicts to the earth ;
 There, 'till the trump shall rend th' astonish'd skies,
 And with loud echoes bid the dead arise,
 Sleep undisturb'd, amid that glorious train,
 Whose honour'd bones yon hallow'd shrines contain ;
 The laurel'd bard, the philosophic sage,
 Who'er delighted, or inform'd an age,
 Warriors, who bled in freedom's glorious cause,
 Patriot,, whose counsels sav'd expiring laws,
 Kings, whose good deeds still grateful nations tell,
 Who liv'd belov'd like thee, like thee lamented fell.

What tho' thy tomb no martial trophy boasts,
 For ravag'd nations. and for slaughter'd hosts ;
 What tho' no crouching captives frown in stone,
 And bound beneath thy statue seem to groan ;
 Yet shall, where'er thy peaceful ashes sleep,
 The friends of Britain and of Freedom weep ;

Each

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Each peaceful Virtue shall thy grave surround,
And musing Silence watch the holy ground :
There too the Muse her choicest wreaths shall bring,
There to thy soul her soothing requiem sing,
There to thy fame with generous labour raise
The time-defying pyramid of praise.

But O ! if ought departed spirits know,
Or heav'nly minds are touch'd with things below ;
If those, who erst to loftiest views aspir'd,
With love of fame, of public virtue fir'd,
Yet urge the glorious task, ordain'd to wait
Ministrant guardians of a nation's fate ;
Still as thy Britain's Genius may'st thou stand,
And o'er her kingdoms stretch thy saving hand,
Far from her shores avert with watchful care
The flames of Discord, and the rage of War,
Give Peace to rule for ever o'er her plain,
And spread her empire o'er the boundless main.
So may kind heav'n propitious hear our pray'rs,
And crown thy father's life with length of years ;
And when he late the debt of nature pays,
Mature in honours, as mature in days ;
Then may thy offspring to the throne arise,
And blest, like him, like thee, a nation's eyes ;
With equal footsteps tread the paths of fame,
And join the patriot's to the monarch's name.
Thus long as round Britannia's sounding shores
His hoary waves embracing Ocean pours,
Thy fair descendants shall the sceptre sway,
Shall teach the willing Briton to obey,
From age to age a bright succession shine,
And Fate and Freedom guard the BRUNSWICK line.

By EDWARD DERING, Fellow Commoner of
St. John's Coll. eldest son of Sir EDW. DERING, Bart.

E'ER villag'd Care had swung the morning flail,
When chaunting cocks the doubtful day-light hail;
Forth from her Attic dome all sadly flow,
With pale mischance deep-visag'd on her brow,
Drest by the slattern hand of artless Woe,
Imperial Granta mov'd: She fought the cave
Whence hoary Camus pour'd his sleepy wave,
Where moss clung rev'rend on time-hallow'd stone,
And mineral stars with humid radiance shone;
With rough-wrought rock the glimm'ring arches frown'd,
And ivy crept o'er sapphires on the ground:
There on a velvet turf impearl'd with dew,
Fed from whose rills a bow'ring laurel grew,
The God reclines; his head with osiers bound,
His waist a watry mantle waves around,
While all above the choral music rings
Of Echo prattling with the pebbled springs.
The Queen arriv'd: She spoke and heav'd a sigh,
The tear soft-trilling from her diamond eye;
"Thee, holy fire, Apollo gives to know
"The mind of dreams, the prophet voice of woe.
"Then read my fears——'twas in yon solemn fane
"My sons to Freedom pour'd the votive strain;
"Myself, methought, with honest pride elate,
"Fast by the Pow'r enthron'd assum'd my seat:
"Then thro' the dome a kingly train proceeds,
"The blaze of empire beaming round their heads;

Alfred

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" Alfred the wise, Eliza child of fame,
 " Edwards and Henries, each a sacred name,
 " Heroes array'd in modest majesty,
 " Who made their country great, and left it free,
 " Each lowly bow'd : the pow'r her head inclin'd
 " Gracious, and o'er their brows the laurel twin'd.
 " Now bolder joy glows radiant in her face ;
 " William succeeds, and Ann, and Brunswick's race :
 " More and more glorious rose the growing scene,
 " Till FREDERICK's blooming honours clos'd the train :
 " Bright as th' effulgence of the God of noon,
 " Mild as the silver streams of ev'ning moon,
 " The youth advanc'd : the virgin's modest cheek,
 " The sage's brow, with looks that sweetness speak,
 " The mien hereditary greatness owns ;
 " Told the grand heir of Albion's sea-built thrones.
 " Wild transport caught the Goddess ; from her hand
 " Drop the proud pileus and the vengeful wand,
 " As from her seat, with eager haste, she strove
 " To clasp her hero in the arms of love.
 " Alas ! not FREDERICK meets her fond embrace ;
 " Vanish'd in senseless air, thro' pathless space
 " The glorious phantom fled : nor left beneath
 " Save, what the Graces wove, a laurel wreath :
 " This sacred pledge receiv'd a lovely boy,
 " With features with'ring in the bloom of joy.
 The mourner paus'd ; for Camus heard no more,
 Too well he read the Fates prophetic lore :
 Then as the trance of untongued horror ceas'd,
 He hung the languid head, he smote his breast,
 And utter'd all his woes—— " ah, well a day !
 " Hush, bubbling fount, ye welling urns decay,

" And

" And yon grey tow'rs, that quiver in my tide,
 " Fall your proud vaults, your star-tipt spires subside ;
 " For ah ! the hope of Britain dies ! he dies !
 " Death's freezing palm has clos'd his beamless eyes !
 " Nor would stern Fate by Britain's prayers be won ?
 " Nor could the Goddess save her darling son ?
 " Tho' well I ween, with tendance meet she strove,
 " Lap'd in soft dreams, nurs'd with a mother's love.
 " How soon has Time with wilful touch eras'd
 " The flattering scene, on which fond Fancy gaz'd !
 " As when, my waters huddling to the deep,
 " O'er Neptune's front the circling wrinkles creep,
 " I saw the glories of his life diffuse,
 " To where the red horizon shuts our views :
 " But yon fell tempest, anarch of the sea,
 " Has broke their mazy course, their fair array ;
 " O'er mountain waves the curling surge is tost ;
 " And brave prospect's in confusion lost."

He ceas'd : the Genius of the land drew near,
 A wreathing dolphin lash'd his trident spear,
 A shepherd's pipe was girded in his zone,
 And various harvest form'd his plaited crown.
 He spoke repentant Fate's benign decree,
 The lengthen'd reign of GEORGE and Liberty,
 That FREDERICK's virtues rip'ning for a throne
 Were pour'd in double portion on his son.
 So sweetly did the song of comfort sound,
 Fair Granta felt not sorrow's rankling wound :
 And Camus listen'd to the tale he told,
 With patient looks of anguish half consol'd.

By CHARLES LOCK, of St. John's College.

SAY ye, whose philosophic breasts defy
And scorn the childish impotence of tears,
Heave not your hearts with the contagious sigh,
While ev'ry eye replete with grief appears ?

What tho' in that serene retreat ye dwell,
Where sacred Virtue, with Religion join'd,
Mocks the vain terrors of the dreaded knell,
And guides to immortality the mind ;

While the destroying angel stalks abroad,
Are ye not mov'd at weeping Britain's woe ?
Earthquakes presag'd the long impending rod ;
And FREDERICK's death compleats th' avenging blow.

In him Britannia's second glory fled ;
Whose breast, with ev'ry social grace refin'd,
Improv'd th' endearments of the marriage bed ;
Britain's great patron, friend of all mankind.

Him Nature form'd the regal helm to guide,
Nor less to shine in ev'ry private scene ;
Nor could the pomp of state those virtues hide ;
But gave them strength, and rais'd them to be seen.

He ne'er the visionary bliss enjoy'd,
That from the smile of fickle Fortune flows :
His nobler soul sublimer themes employ'd,
Themes that the hero's bosom only knows.

But

But yet to others, bountiful, as great,
 He gave those pleasures which himself could scorn;
 Sav'd the poor orphan from impending fate,
 And blest'd the children which are yet unborn.

See where the silent, the ingenuous tear
 Steals down the weeping merchant's hardy cheek;
 While from his bosom bursts the sigh sincere,
 That tells the sorrow which he cannot speak!

Ask, why commercial Industry restrains
 Her busy hand? great FREDERICK's death the cause—
 To pay due honours to his last remains,
 Trade droops her head, and Pleasure makes a pause.

Did he not patronize each useful art?
 Peculiar glory of his father's reign,
 We saw with joy the new erected mart,
 And Plenty rising from the British main.

Alike his care the cottage and the court;
 To him their love reciprocally shown;
 His smile their bliss, his bounty their support:
 Their hearts the basis of his future throne.

But why persists the elegiac Muse
 To aggravate the heart-corroding pain?
 Britons will ne'er this much-lov'd FREDERICK lose,
 While royal GEORGE and Brunswick's line remain.

By R. CUMBERLAND, A. B. of Trinity College.

Hither descend, thou spirit sublime and pure,
That fled'st e'er while with FREDERICK's parting
Instruct'st his firm unshaken mind t' endure [breath;
The heart-felt pangs, and chill arrest of Death.

Where wings his soul, above the prying sight,
In the warm confines of eternal day,
There in auspicious hour direct your flight,
And join him on his heav'n-pursuing way.

Tell him Britannia's cheerless sons lament
The well-lov'd prince, the full-fraught patriot gone;
That heart which on its country's good was bent,
Shall melt, I ween, to hear her plaintive moan.

If Heav'n had granted all her vot'ries wou'd,
And winning Piety had charms to save,
Himself, where thousands fell, unharm'd had stood,
Nor grac'd the fatal triumphs of the grave.

Were the relenting pow'rs dispos'd to give
One spark serene, one life-inspiring ray,
Again we'd bid the mould'ring dust to live,
And wake from drousy sleep the lumpish clay.

Yet boots not sad-ey'd Grief, or loud Complaint;
Soon as th' unfetter'd flutt'ring soul is flown,
The gates of bliss enclose their welcome saint,
And heav'n hath stamp't th' approved guest her own.

Say

Say then, if the lost tear implores too late,

Nor the fond pray'r may cancel Nature's laws,
'Midst the dark records of eye-shunning Fate
Who shall enquire the sad distressing cause?

Let but thy genius breath th' awak'ning theme,
Smile on the glorious task thou hadst begun,
From Censure's lash the works of heav'n redeem,
And all the father fill th' accomplish'd son.

By J. CRANWELL, M. A. Fellow of Sidney Coll.

O Sad reverse of fate!——In songs of joy
Late did the Muse her sprightly hours employ;
Now sitting pensive in the cypress gloom,
She pours her sorrows o'er great FREDERICK's tomb.
At woe like this what soul its firmness keeps?
What heart but trembles, or what eye but weeps?
Heav'n seem'd of late, by fearful omens sent,
To warn Britannia of some dire event;
O'er all the isle did threat'ning thunders sound,
Unusual earthquakes rock'd the trembling ground.
Yet not alarm'd at wonders thus divine,
Vain man regardless view'd each boding sign:
Not one his crimes in prudence would forego,
None fear'd, nor seem'd to fear th' impending woe.
Too heedless Albion! had these threats severe
Drawn from thy sons but one repentant tear,
Perhaps kind heav'n, unwilling to destroy,
Had sav'd the prince to give the people joy.

But tho' of late for crimes our isle has bled,
And heavier vengeance she may justly dread,

Yet oh ! if Albion, once thy fav'rite land,
Within the reach of boundless pity stand,
If mercy o'er thy gracious actions shine,
Here stop thy wrath, great judge in heav'n divine.
Long on his throne let GEORGE illustrious reign,
Long hold dominion o'er the subject main ;
Till by his glorious toils all discord cease,
And Britain flourish in eternal peace.
And when proud Death shall summon him away,
(O fix at distance that tremendous day !)
And disencumber'd of this earthly load,
His soul triumphant seeks thy blest abode :
Transmitted fair let all his virtues shine,
And flow for ever in the Brunswick line.
Another GEORGE let grateful Albion own ;
And when at distant years he mounts the throne,
Let the brave conduct of his grandfire shew,
In fields of war to crush the rival foe ;
And the dear memory of FREDERICK move,
With peaceful arts to gain his country's love.
And last, this youthful hero to compleat,
And make the future monarch wise and great,
His mother's prudence let him place to view,
With rival speed her shining steps pursue :
For ev'ry virtue that can grace a throne,
O thrice-renown'd AUGUSTA, is thy own.

By

By FR. MASERES, of Clare Hall.

LATE, by her guardian monarch's patriot care,
 Britannia rested from the toils of war ;
 Peace o'er the land her gentle influence shed,
 And smiling Plenty rais'd her drooping head ;
 Thro' various climes, and to each distant pole
 " In happy tides again did Commerce roll !"
 Blithe joy and transport fill'd each generous breast ;
 The Muses triumph'd, and their arts were blest'd.

But oh ! by sudden fate how sink our joys !
 Great FREDERICK falls—I hear the general voice
 Lament Britannia's loss, and blame the Fate
 That struck the rising honour of her state.
 Lovely he shone with such attracting grace,
 As spoke him form'd to govern human race,
 Engage each heart, make Envy's self admire,
 And guide the freeborn Briton's native fire.
 His country's good he fought ; his glorious aim
 T' extend her just renown, and useful fame :
 T' advance her commerce new designs were plan'd,
 Grew by his care, and rose at his command ;
 The generous act the grateful merchant own'd,
 And, just to public virtue, Fortune crown'd.

Ye tow'ring vessels, pride of Britain's shore,
 Bow your gay flags ; for FREDERICK is no more :
 He, by whose aid ye hop'd in future days
 To stretch to ampler bounds the empire of the seas,
 " New lands to seek, new Indies to explore,
 " And plant in worlds unknown Britannia's pow'r."

Ye Muses ! to whose care 'tis giv'n to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave,

To crown the virtuous with immortal fame,
 And pay due tribute to the hero's name;
 To FREDERICK's bier, with solemn steps and slow,
 Approach, and view the cause of Britain's woe;
 In pious grief employ your choicest lays,
 And sing in grateful strains your patron's praise:
 For not alone his country's love inspir'd
 His breast; your arts he knew, he lov'd, admir'd;
 Your gentle arts, ye Muses, were his care,
 His softer hours did grace, his favour share.

What need his private virtues to commend?
 To paint the tender father, husband, friend?
 How each relation shew'd him good and wise,
 For social duties form'd, and social bliss?

With what compassion swell'd his glowing breast
 At sight of human woe; how shone confest
 The lover of mankind, when want or grief
 Besought a pitying eye, and claim'd relief;
 Let those he succour'd tell, let those confess
 The bounteous hand, that aided their distress:
 Thousands at once shall grateful voices raise,
 And crowds unnumber'd witness to his praise.

Such late was FREDERICK; e'er the ruthless pow'r
 Of cruel Death brought on the fatal hour;
 Death, that unpitying strikes the good and brave;
 Nor can her vot'ries awful Virtue save,
 Nor Wisdom guard her sons from the rapacious grave.
 Brave Scipio fell in martial honours great;
 And wise and learned Tully met his fate.
 The world's great Mistress mourn'd with anxious pain
 Her lov'd Marcellus' fall; but mourn'd in vain:
 Old Tyber grieving heard the general moan,
 And bade his streams hoarse-murm'ring swell the groan;
 And

And Britain now, as mighty Rome before,
Bewails with fruitless tears her FREDERICK now no more.

See ! where in all the majesty of woe,
While tears of heart-felt grief incessant flow,
Her much-lov'd lord his royal consort mourns :
Sorrow and love distract her soul by turns ;
Fond fancy oft deludes with soft alarms,
And paints her prince returning to her arms :
But ah ! too soon the pleasing vision flies,
Fresh tears again burst forth, fresh sorrows rise.
Could ought avail great FREDERICK to retrieve,
And call the hero from the gloomy grave,
Thy tears, AUGUSTA, sure his chains could break,
From the cold sleep of Death thy voice awake ;
Thy charms alone the tyrant could assuage,
Bid drop his ebon lance, and cease to rage.

But since e'en these are vain ; forbear to grieve :
Still in his offspring does thy FREDERICK live ;
Hence may a ray of gleaming comfort flow,
Chear thy sad heart, and chase the clouds of woe ;
Whilst in their youthful bosoms pleas'd you trace
Each op'ning virtue, and each blooming grace.

O ! may thy care improve the generous fire }
That warms their breasts, and teach them to aspire }
To be like FREDERICK great, and emulate their fire : }
That when, the hero of some future day,
Yong GEORGE shall rise, and Albion's sceptre sway,
Some Briton then in triumph may exclaim ;
“ Our monarch equals his great father's fame,
“ Like him, deserves the honours he receives ;
“ And merit claims the rank, which birth to sov'reigns
“ gives.”

By JEFF. EKINS, of King's College.

SAY, can the Muse to artless strains impart
The pious anguish of a bleeding heart?
These still are our's: O could they ever flow,
In all the melting eloquence of woe;
On Virtue's tomb their sacred incense shed,
Call all his Graces round the princely dead,
And bear his praise on Fancy's soaring wing
To yon bright regions of eternal spring!

With all that nature, all that art could lend,
To grace the husband, and endear the friend,
With generous zeal the patriot to inspire,
With tender love to animate the fire;
Such was the man: — a sigh's sad incense bring,
And say in tears what would have been the king.

But oh! no more th' ungrateful theme pursue!
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!
Angels have call'd him to their blest abode;
Nor thou, fond bride, could'st snatch him from his God:
Ah! what avail'd thy kind incessant care!
Profusive tears, and impotence of pray'r!
Cold is that breast which glow'd with fond desire,
Once true and faithful to a mutual fire.
Yet tho' our sun his genial rays deny,
Serenely set beneath the clouded sky;
Still in his princely progeny survey
Th' auspicious dawning of a future day.

Rise, prince, beneath a monarch's fostering hand,
Crown each fond wish, and bless th' expecting land:

Whether

Whether to arms thy generous soul aspire,
 And GEORGE shall lend thee all the hero's fire ;
 Or gentle arts with softer charms engage,
 And form the FREDERICK of a rising age.

Come then, gay Hope, the drooping soul sustain,
 Rouse the dull lyre, and swell the dying strain ;
 Awake to extasy the tuneful tongue :
 Death now no more, but GEORGE demands the song !
 GEORGE still survives : Britannia's power remains,
 Her joys for ever last, her monarch reigns.
 The glorious theme shall ev'ry thought employ :
 A tear were treason to the heart-felt joy.
 How blest'd these realms, ye sportive Muses tell,
 That still can triumph, tho' your FREDERICK fell.

To his Royal Highness

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

By P. MASERES, of Clare-Hall.

WHilst you with pious grief your loss deplore,
 A tender parent now alas ! no more ;
 Whilst all around their doleful voices raise,
 And gratefully unite in FREDERICK's praise ;
 Think not the Muse looks o'er with heedless mind
 The universal sorrows of mankind.
 She, who enraptur'd late did joy to sing
 The guardian hero and the patriot king,
 In other notes to the distracted throng
 Now plaintive tunes her sympathetic song ;

Mournful

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Mournful to tell to the remotest pole,
How beam'd the native kindness of his soul;
How in each action he was born to please;
Whilst on his brow sat dignity and ease;
Whilst nature in one name had strove to blend
The prince, the patron, husband, father, friend.

With double anguish does the Muse bemoan,
Weep him as Britain's glory and her own:
For much did he soft beauty's charms admire,
The poet's rapture, and the silver lyre;
Much did he joy in tuneful notes to sing;
And touch with cunning art the trembling string;
Or o'er the plane in breathing lines to roll,
And paint each glowing passion of the soul.

Yet, O! great youth, since Fate his life denies,
And FREDERICK falls fair Virtue's sacrifice,
Cease thus in frantic agony to wail,
For nought the briny tide of sorrow can avail.
What though around his ever-gentle heart
Each soft affection dwelt, devoid of art;
Yet is not ev'ry social Virtue fled,
Fled with their patron to the dreary dead;
Still, still, may they survive th' untimely blow,
And lovely in thy royal bosom glow.

Yet stands unfully'd his immortal name,
Resplendent on the sacred rolls of fame;
With love of kind benevolence t' inspire,
And kindle in each breast a patriot fire.

But, nor is all delight, all comfort lost,
The only honour of fair Albion's coast;
Still full of years, of virtue, and renown,
The antient glory of the British crown,

Thy

Thy grandfire lives, to sooth Britannia's care,
 Of courage dauntless and of heart sincere ;
 Still lives AUGUSTA on the lonely plain,
 Darling of heaven and the luckless swain ;
 Each blooming grace does her soft mind adorn,
 Bright as the star that gilds the purple morn.

So may'st thou triumph with majestic charms,
 In arts accomplish'd, as renown'd in arms ;
 With awful sway rule o'er the prosperous land,
 And be the first in worth, as in command ;
 Before our eyes again thy father place,
 And imitate the glories of thy race ;
 Like William from each nation force applause,
 Protect thy country and defend its laws ;
 In Virtue's cause now thunder o'er the main,
 The fair ensample of a wond'rous reign ;
 Or now the jar of haughty states assuage,
 And raise the joy of the succeeding age.

By RICHARD BEMPDE JOHNSTONE, of
 Pembroke Hall.

WHEN friends, fond sharers of each others woe,
 In melting sympathy indulge their grief,
 At once their tears in streams more plentiful flow,
 At once they give, at once they feel relief.

Cease then awhile, Augusta, cease to mourn,
 (Britannia calls ;) to grieve not less is mine,
 'Tis mine with equal tears to grace the urn,
 And friendly join my kindred streams with thine.

—No

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—No more, O heav'n ! no more—th' avenging hand
From this my dearest, best-belov'd race remove ;
With other plagues afflict a guilty land,
And awe with other plagues my sons to love.

Should'st thou—O far, far off that dreadful day ! —
Should'st thou, by one still more afflicting stroke
Rob me of him, to whom my Britons pay
Their willing homage—then whose aid invoke ?

Who then, AUGUSTA, guards thy orphan race,
Who guards, who cherishes their tender years,
Till each mature his generous fire displays,
And from Britannia's eyes shall wipe her tears ?

He's gone, who could—he's gone, whose rising worth,
Tho' much obscur'd by GEORGE's brighter ray,
Yet sent the dawn of blessing o'er the earth,
And shew'd how bright had been meridian day.

Like him a prince blest'd thee, imperial Rome,
The world's delight, whose gentle peaceful sway
The golden age with spring's eternal bloom
Restor'd, and chas'd each iron art away.

His wealth, from heav'n's all-bounteous hand receiv'd,
With bounteous hand he pour'd on all mankind;
He wept the day, when from distress reliev'd
No sweet reflections beam'd upon his mind.

No courtly pride, no ruthless pomp of state
Wasted the wishful eye of sad distress ;
On ready hinges turn'd the willing gate,
And gave to ev'ry woe its wish'd redress.

Such

Such Titus——such had FREDERICK been; in years
 Alike, in ev'ry virtue like, they fell;
 Each left his mournful country bath'd in tears,
 The worth of each the latest times shall tell.

By J. SHARP, B. A. of C. C. C.

WHY doth Britannia, clad in fable weed,
 Snatch off the peaceful olive from her brow,
 And smite her breast, and call on FREDERICK's name,
 And call on ev'ry plaintive Muse, to twine
 The yew funereal with the cypress wreath?
 The Muse, delighted, with her FREDERICK soar'd,
 And hail'd his bright arrival to the skies,
 And saw celestial honours on his head,
 Greater than Albion's diadem could give;
 And now triumphant she surveys below,
 How all her FREDERICK in his son survives,
 The grandfire's majesty, and father's grace!
 And whilst that grandfire (on whose precious life
 Still may Britannia's guardian Genius wait)
 Lives, and of happiest people reigns the king,
 The Muse shall check her sorrows, and record
 Her FREDERICK's virtues; that in future days
 The long bright order of succeeding kings,
 Destin'd by heav'n to bless Britannia's isle
 To latest ages, may remember him,
 The great original from whence they sprung.

Canst thou, Britannia, through thy annals trace
 Prince more lov'd, or who more lov'd mankind?
 Did thou, Augusta, with more transport hail
 Returning Edward from fair Poictier's field

All crown'd with laurels, than when FREDERICK took
 (Whilst all thy sons of commerce shouted round)
 The British charter, bade thy prosp'rous sails
 Outstrip Batavian, and from Orcades
 Bring back the finny treasures of the deep?
 Did Cæsar's presence with more pomp adorn
 The Roman theatre, than FREDERICK's thine?
 While all his beauteous offspring smil'd around,
 And while Rome's antient glories rose to view,
 The prince and people from the heart-felt scene
 Caught Liberty's bright flame, and o'er the stage:
 Hov'ring, the British Muse exulting saw
 His all that grac'd the patriot and the prince,
 And all that blest'd an happy people, their's.

Was the deep Danube, with expiring hosts
 Choakt up, or deluge of the blood-fwol'n Rhine,
 A sight so glorious as majestic Thames
 With floating forests crown'd, while FREDERICK came,
 And like the great Anchises' son, held forth
 The silver prize, that emulous rous'd the strength
 Of British mariner, while ev'ry bark
 Outstretcht its oary wings, and each throng'd shore
 And each proud vessel thunder'd FREDERICK's name!
 Such triumphs mark'd his progress o'er the land,
 His western progress; as he past along,
 In ev'ry landschape and in ev'ry face
 Smil'd Liberty, and all the sons of Art
 From ev'ry port and ev'ry city came,
 Crowding around, and with insatiate eyes
 At ev'ry look gaz'd loyalty and love.
 From the loud Pæans of a nation's praise,
 From state's proud pomp, the peaceful Muse retir'd
 With her lov'd FREDERICK to Cliefden's shades,

To

To the calm pleasures of his private life ;
 Domestic scenes ! in which united shone,
 'Midst smiles of conjugal endearment sweet,
 Parental tenderness and filial love.

Through what new regions shall th' unweary'd Muse
 Pursue her prince ! Ah now exalted far
 Above her utmost flight ! Then here below
 The Muse shall sooth her sorrows with his praise ;
 And with the fondness of the mother's eye,
 And with the grandfire's love and nation's hopes,
 Seek in the son to contemplate the fire.

By GEO. GRAHAM, B. A. Fell. of King's Coll.

I.

BRING me the deep-ton'd shell that Pindar strung,
 And the sweet honey of Anacreon's tongue,
 And all the mighty powers of eloquence,
 That charm away each ravish'd sense,
 And hold all nature in suspense :
 And thou, my Muse, be faithful to thy trust :
 Draw HIM the great, the wise, the good, and just,
 In brightest colours, and in strongest light,
 In full proportion, and majestic height.
 With all his glories swell the labour'd line ;
 With all his virtues soften, and refine :
 Mix in the numbers majesty and ease,
 And give them strength to soar, and grace to please—
 If yet a Muse remain
 On this forlorn, deserted plain—
 But he is dead

The gracious prince for whom they oft have sung,
And all the sweet harmonious choir is fled;
Cold is each finger, and each lyre unstrung.

Come Sorrow then, loose thou the frozen tongue,
Be thou the muse and mistress of our song:
Ease the swol'n heart, and pour out all its pains,
In a full tide of melancholy strains:
Smooth the rude verse, and bid the numbers flow
In simple strength, and energy of woe.

II.

Or shall we raise

In bold triumphant sounds of praise
Aloft on Fancy's wings our tow'ring flight
Above these realms of Night,
With him who, cloth'd in robes of purest light,
Born by celestial ministers on high,
Sails on the bosom of th' empyreal sky?
Open, ye everlasting gates, receive
The brightest spirit earth can give.
Lead him, angels, to his throne,
Place on his head th' immortal crown,
Bright and pure as his renown,
Bought by transcendent worth, and virtues all his own.
Now like a God he sits in awful state,
Mighty triumphant lord o'er Death and Fate:
All nature op'ning on his ravish'd sense,
Now fathoms he the depths of Providence;
Now scans the wonders of his blest abode;
He now explores
Th' unfathomable mystery of God,
And boldly soars
With piercing and undaunted sight,
Full in the blaze of UNCREATED LIGHT;

Kens

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Kens like an atom his once royal seat,
Smiles at the toils and labours of our great,
And worlds and systems roll beneath his feet.

Silence then that lying knell;
Sound all your lofty instruments, and swell
The soul to joyful rapturous extasy:
Who liv'd so great and good, shall never die.

III.

— Ah me! I fondly dream. Return, return,
Mistaken; hapless Muse, return:
Damp the bold impetuous fire:
Touch the melting, soothing lyre:
In strains of woe,
Sad and slow;
For ever shalt thou flow;
While I have memory, for ever mourn
The best of princes, and of men,
Lost, lost, for ever lost;
Lost to his people, and th' afflicted state
Sunk in his fall, and wounded in his fate.
Never, O never shall we see him more,
Great in the mild benevolence of pow'r:
No more behold the fond paternal smile
Gild all our hearts, and chear th' adorning isle,
When as he laid all royalty aside,—
All but the love to bless, the power to guide.
Fall'n is the loveliest cedar of the wood,
Torn, blasted, ravag'd—
Sunk into ruin is the noblest worth,
E'er it had ripen'd into perfect birth:
To life th' exulting eager soul is fled,
But oh! the monarch is for ever dead.

IV.

In that sad night, that melancholy hour,
 Where slept Britannia's guardian pow'r?
 Where was the noble patron of our state?
 Where was the mighty angel's hand
 That oft had deign'd to sheild our tott'ring land
 From fell destruction and avenging fate?—
 But Britain's ev'ry foe in dread array
 Rush'd thro' the gloomy night: Death led the way:
 Awhile he stood, and view'd his royal prey:
 Then hurl'd the dart that knows not how to err,
 Strong as the arrows of the thunderer.
 Britannia to her deepest centre shook,
 And Europe trembled with the fatal stroke.
 The mighty prince beheld, not undismay'd,
 The grizzly fiend in terrors all array'd:
 Horror, despair, and grief without controul
 Rack'd his great heart, and tore his lab'ring soul.
 Nor think the sorrows of the royal fair,
 Beneath the hero's or the patriot's care:
 Long the departing, ling'ring spirit hung,
 Gleam'd in his eyes, and falter'd on his tongue:
 Then fondly gazing, sighing,
 Sick'ning, fainting, dying,
 He lean'd his head upon her faithful breast,
 And breath'd his soul to everlasting rest.

V.

But thou,
 Whom heav'n's supreme decree
 Calls to the mighty toil of royalty,
 For weightiest crowns prepare thy youthful brow.

'Tis

'Tis thine to hold the restless world in awe;
 To curb proud vice, and give ambition law;
 In one harmonious golden chain to bind
 The jarring souls, and passions of mankind.
 Justice to thee commits her sacred cause:
 To spread abroad her great, eternal laws;
 To execute her dread, unerring word;
 To poise her balance, and to wield her sword.
 And Mercy too shall sit beside thy throne:
 She claims the monarch's heart as all her own.
 Fair Peace is thine; nor must thou sometimes spare
 To rouse the rage of wide-destroying War,
 But guide her thunder's blind impetuous course,
 And teach her lightning where to spend its force.
 Arise, bright sun, like him who rules the day.
 His infant glory dawns with mildest ray,
 Invites the eye, and arm'd in flaming gold
 Attracts the homage of the eastern world.
 Onward he bears his proud impetuous way,
 With strength resistless, and unrival'd sway;
 And crown'd with all-surpassing majesty,
 Burns in the height of the meridian sky:
 Thence darts his shafts, and whelms the fainting fight
 Beneath a flood of over-pow'ring light.
 Then all majestic drives his chariot down
 In royal splendor to his western throne;
 Contracts his reins, and checks his swift career,
 Spreads wide his glory, and expands his sphere:
 Earth faints no more beneath his scorching rays,
 But joyous Nature all her charms displays:
 Old Ocean smiles throughout his wide domain,
Calms

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Calms his rough waves, and smooths his azure main,
Proud to receive him flaming from th' ethereal plain.

VI.

Hail MIGHTY CHIEF!—but need my humble lays
Tell whom they meant to praise
At awful distance, in a trembling strain—
Trembling to name thee lest it should profane?
'Tis thus we see thee set—we see, we feel
Thy balmy influence all our sorrows heal,
Dispel our fears, and vital heat impart,
To animate each cold desponding heart.
Great as when once thy Genius, clad in arms,
Shook Gallia's guilty plains with stern alarms;
Advanc'd thy standard with triumphant pow'r;
Let loose thy fury, bade thy lions roar,
And blind Ambition vex'd our world no more.
Long may we see those nobler views engage
Thy life's calm evening, and declining age:
Remember long, but ne'er with sorrow tell
How great our FREDERICK liv'd, how soon he fell.

By

By JAMES CHARLES HITCHCOCK, B. A.
of Pembroke Hall.

With civic wreaths his temples bound,
With every victor laurel crown'd,
For Gaul controll'd, for Europe's peace insur'd,
For every bliss to Britain's isle secur'd,
We thought, when Fate should late decree
Heaven to thy fire and earth to thee,
With equal hand the globe thou would'st sustain,
And bless us with another patriot reign :
But thee high heav'n's behests require,
FREDERICK, amid the starry choir,
Where rob'd in light you look superior down
On all the glories of the British crown.
Freed from the frailties of mankind,
Each dearer weakness of the mind,
He dwells enraptur'd in the bless'd abode,
And all is extasy, and all is God.
Yet if to patriot souls 'tis given
To know the high intent of heaven,
To view, ordain'd by God's eternal doom,
The rise and fall of empires yet to come ;
Not undelighted he may see
Albion enjoy his progeny,
With calm complacency of spirit trace
Himself reflected in his royal race.
To virtue, fortitude, and truth
He early fram'd their ductile youth ;
To worth he fir'd them with the Roman name,
And bade them deep imbibe the godlike flame.

Nor

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Nor bade alone, but, greatly wise,
 He plac'd the pattern in their eyes ;
 He pointed out the exemplary draught,
 And nobly liv'd the hero which he taught.
 Not that 'twas his the sword to wield,
 And float with gore th' embattel'd field ;
 Not that 'twas his the victor's crown to gain,
 And build a guilty throne on myriads slain :
 No—his each milder peaceful art,
 That wins the head, and warms heart ;
 'Twas his with beaming candor to adorn,
 And dart the ray to ages yet unborn.
 His eye auspicious did infuse
 Strong inspiration on the Muse ;
 She swell'd her voice divine to accents higher,
 And smote with ten-fold force the sounding lyre.
 Sculpture, with energy refin'd,
 That hews rough matter into mind,
 Warm'd with the influence of his smile serene,
 Assum'd a loftier air, a nobler mien.
 To every part of life attend
 The fire, the husband, and the friend ;
 With equal grace in every varied light,
 The finish'd picture charms the ravish'd sight.
 This truth thy piteous orphan train
 In anguish-breathing sobs explain,
 This truth thy widow'd fair one's sorrows show,
 And this thy well-løv'd Britain's general woe.
 Yes, FREDERICK, bards may hang the hearse,
 When Grandeur claims the custom'd verse,
 Mean interest may excite the selfish tear,
 But a whole people's sorrows are sincere.

By R. LONG, D. D. Master of Pembroke Hall,

AND

LOWNDES's Professor of Astronomy and Geometry.

YES, I will weep for thy untimely fate,
 O much-lov'd prince ! that part I can perform,
 To take my portion of the general grief ;
 Although by seventy winters freezing blasts
 All chill'd my blood, and damp'd poetic fire.
 At such a loss tears no restraint can bear ;
 Tears are the only tribute we can now
 Thy honour'd memory pay : there was a time
 When fair Britannia could erect her head,
 And view her present happiness compleat
 By pleasing prospects into future years ;
 When by a Trajan or a Titus mild,
 In thee, her regal scepter should be sway'd :
 How lies she now ! low prostrate in the dust,
 And in sad plaints her wretched fate deplores !

O unexpected stroke ! O blasted hopes
 Of promis'd joys to bless the coming age,
 When the kind husband, when th' indulgent father,
 Patron of arts, guardian of liberty,
 The friend of human race should rule my sons !
 Who now shall comfort speak ? who dry my tears,
 When GEORGE is gathered to his kindred heroes,

The

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The Edwards and the Henrys, England's boast,
 And I forlorn my widow'd state bemoan ?
 O far, far distant may th' Eternal fix
 The fatal hour : but still it must be so.
 Flesh 'tis thy lot, all hasten to the grave,
 The poor, the rich, the simple, and the wise,
 The fearful and the brave, the good, the great;
 GEORGE too must yield, and tread the gloomy way :
 Nor boots it often o'er th' ensanguin'd field
 Fearless t' have rang'd, and brav'd the king of terrors :
 Nor boots it in his subjects hearts to reign,
 Nor with heroic fortitude to bear
 Domestic losses, anxious for the welfare
 Of late posterity, and, to sooth the grief
 Of his lov'd Britons, to forget his own :
 The universal monarch, soon or late,
 To his dark palace does alike compell
 The lawless tyrant and the PATRIOT KING.

Thus wail'd Britannia ; all the rest was sighs.
 When from on high a whisper reach'd mine ear ;
 But not alike their portion after death :
 The mem'ry of the one, in fragrance sweet,
 Is had in honour ; flourishes his fame,
 Nor needs the mimic bust to make it live :
 The other, though in life a conquerer stil'd,
 His country's father, as a God ador'd,
 Shall by a juster title then be known,
 The scourge and the destroyer of mankind.

O for a warning voice, that might aloud
 Thro' the wide circle of the earth proclaim
 In ev'ry royal ear, (where flattery oft
 Delicious poyson sheds) the heav'n-born heft

Of

Of th' eastern sage : " Be wise then, O ye kings,
" B' instructed, ye that rule and judge the earth,
" The higher than the highest serve with fear,
" And, him before, with reverence rejoice :
" If his wrath kindle, those alone are blest,
" Who place in him their trust and confidence.

Be that thy pious task, fair royal mourner,
To teach this lesson to the pledges dear
Of FREDERICK's love : becomes them all such lore,
But chiefly him, who Britain's crown shall wear,
Great as he is, t' acknowledge one still greater.
Who walks by heav'nly light or shall not fall,
Or stronger rise to tread in virtue's path.
Great GEORGE's pattern next before him place,
Teach him from him to cultivate in peace
The arts of mild and gracious government :
From him a firm adherence to his word :
From him to watch o'er Europe's liberty :
From him, whene'er invading pow'rs assail,
To lead th' embattel'd squadrons to the field,
And bravely tempt the dangers of the war.
Thus shall the princely youth, form'd by thy hand,
Grow to be what thy FREDERICK would have been.

But oh ! what potent med'cine can be found
To ease thine heart, when that lov'd name is heard,
Bleeding afresh at the sad dear remembrance ?
Will the rich robe sparkling with gems and gold,
The lofty dome, where lavish Art displays
His skill to raise our wonder, give delight ?
Will sculptur'd marble or the speaking canvas
Attract thine eye ? will the melodious chime

Of harp or viol charm thy list'ning ear ?
 Will comic scenes divert, where Folly oft
 Laughs at itself under another's name ?
 Or will the buskin'd hero's feign'd distress
 Cause thee thy real sorrows not to feel ?
 Or canst thou taste the pleasures, Nature's bounty
 Scatters around for all her sons t' enjoy ?
 The close-shorn green, the sweets-exhaling flow'r,
 The sun-gilt hill cover'd with fleecy troops,
 The verdant mead, the lowing herd's repast,
 The wood's imbrowning shade, retirement sweet,
 The chrystal stream that winding glides along,
 And murmurs, loth to leave the beauteous scene :
 Or the more solemn prospect when the sun,
 Down from our heav'n to distant realms declin'd,
 Bids the pale moon light up her borrow'd lamp :
 Cheer'd by a milder ray Night's sober majesty
 Serenely smiles, nor envies Day his blaze,
 Her throne surrounded with ten thousand stars.

All these, alas ! to thee no joy can give,
 Thy FREDERICK gone : he Art and Nature taught
 To wear their choicest beauties ; him without
 The earth to thee a lonely prison seems.

But be thy spirits compos'd in cheering hope ;
 There is a cure, though not of earthly birth ;
 A tree there grows, fast by the throne of God,
 Rich in ambrosial fruit and od'rous balm :
 The fruit who tastes, nor death nor grief can fear ;
 That boon to none is giv'n of mortal race
 Sojourning in this darksome vale of tears,
 Reserv'd to bless us in the realms of light :

Yet

Yet oft, by pray'r brought down, the healing juice
 Into the sorrow-wounded heart is pour'd,
 Patience inspires, and resignation meek
 To the disposal of th' all-gracious Lord,
 Who all things governs by th' unerring rules
 Of wisdom infinite, and perfect goodness.
 Be this thy comfort: so shalt thou possess
 An heav'n within thee, plac'd above the reach
 Of all the storms that vex this wretched life.

F I N I S.

In the Press,

* * Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian
 of Scotland; wherein all of the Cities, Citadels, Sea-
 Ports, Castles, Forts, Fortresses, Rivers and Rivulets
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continued on inside of cover of book.

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